



more easy and natural to move in this groove than in any other.

The unexpected escape of all parties from a position of much embarrassment is mainly due to Lord CAIRNS. It is true that the Government have shown moderation, judgment, and a conciliatory spirit in the final negotiations; but then they have substantially got all that they wanted, and people who triumph ought to be in a good humour. But Lord CAIRNS had a very difficult task to perform. He had at once to reinstate himself in the leadership of his party, which had passed away from him since his defeat on the Second Reading, and he had to act for and lead his party without consulting it. He acted in the right way at the right moment, and he was rewarded by the applause of men of all parties. He rendered a great service to the Conservative party, for he once more gave them a leader in the Lords, and they had begun to feel how much they wanted one; and he rendered a great service to the House of Lords, for the peers had begun to long for some gentle and dignified means of getting off the high pedestal on to which they had worked themselves on Tuesday. To crush the Ministry, to alarm Mr. GLADSTONE, and to offer to quarrel with the House of Commons, seemed pleasant, simple, spirited things to do when passions were roused, and in a moment of strong excitement. But the inevitable next morning came, as it comes to all men who spur each other on to dangerous courses, and then things did not look quite so cheerful. There can be no doubt that things were beginning to look ugly for the House of Lords. A dangerous spirit was beginning to gather strength and find utterance, and the Lords had the sense to know this, and to yield in time. But they would not have known how to yield if Lord CAIRNS had not stepped in and shown them the way. They were exceedingly pleased to have got so easily and quickly out of the scrape, and proceeded to cover their deliverer with crowns, and throw chaplets at his feet. And directly they felt a little comfortable, they fell, as if inevitably, into their old habits of self-praise. The Lords had done wonders, had been so dignified and wise and firm and conciliatory, and had given such wonderful satisfaction to every one. Every now and then a peer like Lord SALISBURY, who is not much given to platitudes of self-eulogy, got up and tried to stem the tide. But no effect was produced, and the peers went on expressing their unbounded joy and satisfaction and admiration at themselves, and Lord CAIRNS, and the Bill, and everything else. Even Lord GREY had a spasm of good-humour, which prompted him to explain that when he accused the Ministry generally of indifference to their Bill provided they could humiliate the Lords, he really only meant to speak of the commoners in the Ministry, and knew very well that peers were incapable of such feelings. So every one was more or less contented and happy, and the Irish Church Bill was passed, to stand, we trust, as a lasting record of what England is willing to do for Ireland, and of what can be carried in a few months by a strong and resolute Ministry, backed up by a nation anxious to do right and justice at any cost.

#### THE AUSTRIAN RED BOOK.

THE Bishop of St. David's, in the debate on the Irish Church, spoke of Austria as one of the countries in which the Papal power had visibly declined. Count BEUST, in some of the despatches published in the Red Book, endeavours to convey the same lesson to the unwilling ear of the Roman Court. If a personal reference had been consistent with diplomatic propriety, the Chancellor of the Austro-Hungarian monarchy might have urged as an additional argument the remarkable fact that he is himself a Protestant. It seems, indeed, that the Roman Government finds a paradoxical consolation in a circumstance which might well have been thought fatal to its hopes; for Count TRAUTTMANSDORF, Ambassador at Rome, has been unable to convince Cardinal ANTONELLI that some future Ministry may not reverse the recent policy of Austria. It is doubtful whether sagacious ecclesiastics really feel the confidence which they deem it prudent to profess. As long as the Austrian bishops unanimously prefer their foreign superior to their country, the POPE and his advisers can scarcely refuse to encourage their contumacious loyalty to Rome. The majority of the Imperial Family and a large part of the aristocracy are opposed to the liberal designs of the Minister, and the conversion of the EMPEROR himself from bigotry and despotism is still recent, though it is probably sincere; but the Concordat has been renounced, not in accordance with either theory or

caprice, but because it was found to be incompatible with the administration of the Empire. The advocates of Ultramontane doctrines tacitly admit that their system is incompatible with constitutional government; nor would a democratic revolution in any way favour their pretensions. As Count BEUST observes, the objects of the Court of Rome could only be attained by a restoration of absolute monarchy; and it is not even certain that a judicious despot would repeat the error of the EMPEROR's early advisers by identifying his cause with the predominance of the clergy. There is no use in bribing willing supporters by extravagant bounties. The extinct Concordat only secured the adhesion of the classes which would in any case have been devoted to absolute royalty; and it was negotiated by dishonest fanatics who were willing to barter the national interests for supposed advantages to themselves to be enjoyed here or hereafter. There was no Parliament in the days of JOSEPH II., who first threw off the supremacy of Rome; and the religious independence of Austria now rests on a broader foundation. Ministerial responsibility, representing Parliamentary sovereignty, is the most effective conductor of spiritual lighting. When the Austrian bishops requested the EMPEROR to disregard the vote of the Council of the Empire, the answer that he must be guided by the advice of his Ministers was entirely conclusive. It might have been possible to play upon the conscience of the monarch, but there would be neither utility nor satisfaction in cursing a heretic Minister. The POPE himself was driven in one of his Allocutions to assert that the Austrian Constitution was null and void; or, in other words, that it was essentially incompatible with claims which can scarcely prevail with collective bodies. Long ago there were exceptional cases in which popular assemblies allowed themselves to be directed by the agents of the Church; but the alliance with Rome of the French League, or of the rebel Parliament of Ireland in the days of CHARLES I., was temporary, and ultimately fatal to the clerical faction. Ireland is at present the only country in the world in which the majority of constituencies is controlled by the Roman Catholic priesthood. It is obvious that, if the religious convictions of the people were really disregarded by the constitutional Government of Austria, the remedy for the grievances of the Church would be, not the restoration of despotism, but an appeal to the suffrage of the electors.

It is perhaps impossible that the Government of a Roman Catholic State should regard the approaching Ecumenical Council with the indifference which prevails in non-conforming countries. In the estimation of Englishmen, of Americans, or of North-Germans, the Council furnishes the same kind of excitement which might be caused by the announcement of an Exhibition at Paris, or of a great conflux of musical instruments at Boston. Count BEUST, having a somewhat closer relation to the affairs of Rome, instructs his Envoy in substance to say that the Council may do what it likes, but that it will not be allowed to interfere with Austrian institutions. Perhaps but little courage is required to exorcise a phosphorus ghost. The dangers which threaten Austria have nothing to do with the friendship or enmity of Rome. The POPE cannot alienate Hungary from the reigning dynasty, nor stimulate revolutionary movements in the German provinces, nor can he ally himself with heretical Prussia or with Russian schism. Italy is even more rebellious than Austria against Papal supremacy, and in Eastern as in German questions Austria and France have a friendly understanding. It appears not yet to have occurred to the promoters of the Council that the unanimity of the assembled prelates will be that of a sect. The nominal members of the Church may still be counted by tens of millions, but the laity is no longer either represented or governed by the clergy. The proposed exclusion of Catholic princes from the place which their predecessors occupied in former Councils is in itself a confession of political decadence. It was only when Governments were prepared to recognise the authority of Councils that they were concerned to watch the shaping of the decrees by which themselves or their subjects were to be bound. It is for the clergy and their leaders to consider whether their power will be increased as the reins of discipline are tightened, and the limits of permitted freedom of thought successively contracted. Austria, France, and Spain will watch the proceedings of the Council with curiosity, and perhaps with a faint anxiety, as far as some additional difficulty may arise in dealing with the clergy; but for the statesmen of Roman Catholic countries its decisions will be neither more nor less sacred than for Mr. DISRAELI or Mr. BRIGHT. Count BEUST probably found his correspondence with Count TRAUTTMANSDORF the easiest of his diplomatic duties. When he turned to the

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affairs of Turkey, or to the relations of Austria with Germany, he must have felt like a man who lays down a novel or a newspaper to return to the details of his daily business.

The unfriendly feelings which still keep Austria and Prussia apart are the more to be regretted because the diminished intimacy between Prussia and Russia would seem to facilitate the establishment of a better understanding. Although Austria has since 1866 disclaimed all right of intervention in German politics, the party in Bavaria and in Wurtemberg which is opposed to the extension of Prussian supremacy naturally leans to Austrian support; and Count BEUST declares in conventional phrase that, while his Government acknowledges the obligations of existing treaties, it can neither discourage nor repel the voluntary sympathies of its German neighbours. It is not the interest of either Power to bring the dispute to an issue, but there is reason to fear that the quarrel will continue to smoulder. Count BEUST's ostentatious professions of intimacy with France probably account for a part of the hostile disposition which he attributes to Prussia. In the improbable event of a war between France and North Germany, a neutral policy would be imposed on the Austrian Government, both by the risk of losing the German provinces, and by the unwillingness of Hungary to engage in an unprofitable contest; yet it is true that the interests of States afford no absolute security for peace. The memory of the disasters of the Bohemian campaign must have faded further into the distance before the attention of Austria will be concentrated on internal improvement, and on the guardianship of the Valley of the Danube; yet some parts of the Red Book show that Count BEUST has not neglected the duty of warning the turbulent Government of Roumania of the dangers which it may incur by promoting disturbance in Turkey. It is fortunate that Hungary is even more nearly interested than the Western portion of the Empire in counteracting Russian propaganda and encroachment in the South-East of Europe. The general effect of the political changes of the last ten years has been to restore to a large extent the balance of power which had previously been deranged. Austria has been for defensive purposes greatly strengthened by the surrender of Venetia and by the reconciliation of Hungary. Ambitious Governments might learn a valuable lesson from the results which have followed the compulsory abandonment of a policy of vexatious interference. Within the memory of those who are still young, it was considered an indispensable condition of Austrian greatness that half a dozen petty tyrants should be aided in the oppression of as many helpless Italian provinces. It is now found that the Tyrolese frontier is more effectually protected by the neighbourhood of a friendly and independent Power, which maintains itself without cost or danger to Austria. A close alliance with Rome, which formed the natural accompaniment of Austrian predominance in Italy, produced annoyance and disaffection at home, while in Germany an incessant conflict with Prussian influence foreboded the struggle which has since been decided. Time alone can show whether the experiment of constitutional government and of equal union with Hungary is destined to succeed, but hitherto Count BEUST has performed for his adopted country the inestimable service of postponing, and perhaps of averting, a total collapse. If no fresh convulsion takes place, it may be hoped that increased material prosperity will render the new system of government generally popular. In a reign of twenty years the Emperor FRANCIS JOSEPH has tried, by the advice of successive councillors, the most opposite political systems, and he is probably convinced that his present Minister has guided him into the safest path. Absolute monarchy and entire deference to ecclesiastical authority have been again and again found to be impracticable in modern Europe. It is well for Austria that no political change has at any time placed the title of the dynasty in question. No violent revolution has been interposed between SCHWARZENBERG and BEUST.

#### THE LORDS ON THE PREAMBLE.

THE political atmosphere was full of thunder when the Lords met on Tuesday to take the Irish Church Bill once more into consideration. The peers were ready and almost eager for a storm, and anything or nothing would have provoked the inevitable outburst. In the first place, they were deeply mortified and hurt by the rapid and contemptuous manner in which, as they thought, the Commons had disposed of their amendments. They expected that these amendments would have been discussed in long serious debates worthy of the source from which the amendments came. They felt as if they had done the country and the Commons a good turn by passing the Second Reading, and deserved at least so much

of a reward as that the Commons, if they differed, should differ with hesitation, reluctance, and respect. Instead of that, Mr. GLADSTONE and his followers galloped through the amendments as if they were the suggestions of an amateur Convocation or debating society. But there was something worse than this. Mr. GLADSTONE had said they were like people in a balloon, and this rankled in their breasts. To be overridden by an enemy is bad enough, but to be laughed at by him is fatal. The peers were therefore very angry, and they longed to show how angry they were. And it may be said that their anger was not unnatural. That their amendments were not more respectfully considered in the Commons was their own fault, for they had set up a rival scheme, and one scheme or the other had to be chosen. They are exactly like people in a balloon, and no comparison could be more apt; and Mr. GLADSTONE, as the leader of the Commons speaking to the Commons, was quite right in disposing of the fantastic claim of the Lords to be better judges of the English people than the members whom the people elect. But still there was something trying to the temper and patience in the airy, high-handed manner in which Mr. GLADSTONE turned on his flexible, irresistible voting power, and doused one amendment after another out of existence, as if they were mere flies or blight on the beautiful roses of his Bill. A more legitimate source of provocation perhaps lay in the equal readiness with which counter-proposals obviously open to the most serious criticism were adopted by the Commons, and sent back to the Lords. It was annoying that a House which would not even discuss the proposal to give glebes to Nonconformists should rapturously endorse a scheme for treating clerical lives as clerical only when the clergymen behave very well indeed, and a suggestion that the Government of the day might lend out the principal of the surplus in furtherance of any conceivable Irish job. And, lastly, the Lords were haunted and tormented by the thought that they have no constitutional position which any one can explain to them. Even if the peers wish to do right, it is very hard for them to know what to do; and men on whom this sort of difficulty presses, and who are equally ridiculed and attacked whether they stand firm or yield, are apt to get nervous and irritable. The constitutional theory that the two Houses are co-ordinate is obsolete, but no other theory has been invented. What is the true place of a Second Chamber in a limited monarchy has never yet been determined; and although we may be convinced that the only scheme of government that will work is to let the will of the constituencies prevail, the greatest allowance might be made for the feelings of men who, with few exceptions, have been placed by the mere accident of birth in a Chamber which for centuries has held a position at variance with the modern and democratic conception of the Constitution.

Great praise is due to the two leaders of the Government and the Opposition for the prudent and dignified attitude they preserved when every one around them was in such a fever of excitement. Lord GRANVILLE made the one mistake of urging it as a fulfilment of the promise to treat the amendments of the Lords with respect that, out of 64 amendments made by the Lords, 33 had been accepted. This was such transparent nonsense that it not only laid him open to the retort that the amendments accepted were verbal, and those rejected essential, but it increased the irritation of the House by creating the impression that the Government was trifling with it. Otherwise Lord GRANVILLE, as usual, stated his case and urged his arguments with moderation, tact, and courtesy; and the sincerest gratitude of the Liberal party is due to a man who has done more this Session than any one to give it dignity and an air of fairness, and a reputation for something besides steady voting and hooting down its opponents. Lord CAIRNS also explained with much good temper and skill the concessions which he and his party were prepared to make, and where they intended to make a stand, while his criticisms on Mr. GLADSTONE's new proposals were smart, telling, and abundantly justified. Lord CAIRNS and his friends were, we conceive, quite wrong, as they still asked for bonuses for the Irish Church which were quite inadmissible. But they yielded much when they gave up the Ulster glebes and the Bishop of PETERBOROUGH's tax, and as no one can say that, from their point of view, they were not entitled to make a stand somewhere, Lord CAIRNS stated their intentions in a manner as little offensive as possible. But directly the leaders had spoken, the unofficial and more fiery spirits of the House began blazing away, and both sides were worked up to exasperation. Lord GREY, who always says the worst things in the worst possible way, surpassed his ordinary want of decorum when he

accused the Ministry of purposely striving, not to carry their Bill, but to humiliate the Lords. The wandering mind of Lord RUSSELL, irresolute in everything else, led him once more into his old habit of ostentatiously separating himself from those who till lately were his colleagues. The language used by Lord SALISBURY about Mr. GLADSTONE, apart from his Cabinet, is a cause for much greater regret, for it is a serious political loss when a man, who so often shows himself capable of approaching great questions from a really statesmanlike point of view, descends into unjust personalities. The fallacy of supposing that Mr. GLADSTONE alone would be responsible for the rejection of the amendments of the Lords is one which Lord SALISBURY in his happier and calmer moments would be the first to detect. Mr. GLADSTONE is a powerful Minister because the constituencies support him enthusiastically, and they support him because they trust him. If he had chosen to betray them, to give vast bonuses to the Irish Church, contrary to his pledges, and to support concurrent endowment, to which they are fanatically opposed, he might have so puzzled and bewildered his supporters in the Commons that for the moment they would not have known how to resist him. But this is the very most that can be said; and to blame him for not doing it is a very far-fetched political accusation. The jokes about lunatics may also perhaps have been a little overdone; and while the CHANCELLOR added to his reputation not only by insisting on the gravity of the matters in hand, but by showing a courage and eloquence that have astonished those who expected to find him equally meek in temper and incoherent in expression, we cannot but feel at the same time that his sermonizing remarks were in very questionable taste. Good men, we hope, and good Christians, support the Irish Church Bill; but it is provoking to have the Bill described to its enemies as a special work of Christian love; and surely the very last danger against which most of the firmest defenders of the Irish Church—Lord WINCHELSEA, for example—need be warned is that of intellectual pride.

The whole matter has been settled now, and it is not very important to discuss which of two proposals, neither of which has passed into law, was the best. But the Lords had to discuss the appropriation of the surplus as the subject came before them from the Commons, and there were very fair arguments for deferring the appropriation altogether, as against Mr. GLADSTONE's scheme to fix the destination of the income, but to leave the application of the principal to the discretion of the Government of the day. If at the beginning of the Session Mr. GLADSTONE had proposed to do what Lord CAIRNS proposed towards the close of the Session, and had reserved the whole destination of the surplus for the future consideration of Parliament, it is certain that there would have been a violent outcry against him. The Irish Church, it would have been said, was being robbed, not for the benefit of any one, but simply that it might be robbed, and it is possible that the cry of secularization of Church funds might not have been raised in vain. The proposal of Lord CAIRNS was almost identical with that famous Appropriation Clause which cost the Whigs so dearly, and which was denounced as the wickedest and most impious proposal that could be made. But although it materially conduced to the favourable reception by the country of the Bill that it seemed to settle the whole question once for all, and to give away the surplus in a manner not very objectionable, and even with a sort of semi-religious halo over it, yet what the Lords had practically to consider was, whether it was best that the whole subject should be referred to Parliament again, and kept open for a time, or whether the Executive Government of the day should have it in its power to lend out the principal of a vast fund to any Irish jobbers that clamoured too loudly to be refused or promised valuable support. The evils of leaving the appropriation of the fund entirely unsettled were great, but the evils of giving this dangerous power to the Government of the day were also very serious. There was no protection whatever in Mr. GLADSTONE's suggestion that the application of the money should be made under an order in Council, only to be valid in case both Houses of Parliament did not join in the address against it within a given time. The House of Commons would never join in an address contrary to the wishes of the Executive Government, for it would not be the Executive Government if it could not secure the adhesion of the House of Commons to its proposals on so important a point. The speakers on behalf of the Government felt this difficulty on Tuesday night, and did not seriously attempt to defend Mr. GLADSTONE's scheme. What they chiefly aimed at was to make it clear that the surplus was not to be applied to any plan of concurrent endowment. The Government considered themselves bound to secure this as well as they could; and as a large section of those who wished

to reject the amendment of the Commons on the preamble did so avowedly that they might leave the door open to schemes of concurrent endowment, the Government endeavoured on their side to make this impossible. It was much easier to show that they were bound in consistency to do this than to justify Mr. GLADSTONE's mode of dealing with the surplus; and although the majority of the peers were so excited, so burning to assert their independence, and so eager to have at least one parting stroke at Mr. GLADSTONE, that they would have voted against the Government if the Government proposal had been perfectly free from objection, yet their vote had, by a happy accident, the justification that it condemned a scheme to which grave objections might be urged.

#### THE CONSTITUTIONAL INTERREGNUM IN FRANCE.

THE Napoleonic Reform Bill seems to run every chance of being shipwrecked before it has got out of harbour. Every step that the EMPEROR has taken since the first publication of the Message has been unfortunate. On the supposition that he means to concede a responsible Ministry, he has been curiously ingenious in hiding the truth from his subjects. On the supposition that he means to delude them with a mere semblance of Parliamentary Government, he has been curiously careless in dressing his puppet. It may be granted that the Message itself was open to two interpretations. It did not imply all the reforms which had been asked for in the withdrawn interpellation, but it conveyed enough, at least in the opinion of such men as M. PREVOST-PARADOL and M. CHARLES MAZADE, to make the granting of further reforms simply a matter of time. It was in the power of the EMPEROR to turn this latter view into something little short of certainty. He had only to keep on good terms with the Corps Législatif, and to give the Third Party, by whose action the recent changes have been brought about, a majority of seats in the Cabinet—even at the cost of letting the system of official candidatures go undefended in the Chamber—and the Message would, by general consent, have been construed in the more favourable sense. It was equally his wisdom to take this course even if the Message was only designed to throw the Third Party off the constitutional scent. It is of no use for a sovereign to do what he wishes to be considered as meeting his subjects half-way unless he is prepared to keep up appearances during the early stages of the process. A show of frankness should have been maintained in his dealings with the Corps Législatif, no matter how little of the reality might have underlain it. The interpellation of the Third Party having been withdrawn, there could have been little difficulty in staving off any inconvenient interpellation from the Left; and even if the Deputies whose seats are disputed had had to forego the advantage of official advocacy, the loss to the Government would have been compensated by the increased good-will of the independent members. As it is, the prorogation of the Chamber for an indefinite period has sown distrust among those who would otherwise have been well disposed, while the official candidates whose elections are not yet declared valid are angry at the needless delay. The prospect of having a Minister to take up their cause in the autumn does not in their eyes counterbalance the discomfort of having to go through the summer in ignorance whether they are Deputies or not. As it is impossible to avoid coming face to face with the Corps Législatif some day or other, it is hard to see what the EMPEROR could have promised himself as the gain from postponing the evil hour. A policy of moderate reform, whether it be genuine or feigned, will not be more welcome to an Assembly irritated by a gratuitous prorogation, than to one which had been kept in good humour by the appearance of deference to its opinion.

The composition of the new Ministry strengthens the doubts we expressed last week as to the sincerity of the Imperial Message. If NAPOLEON III. had been genuinely determined to try the experiment of Parliamentary government, he would have paid more regard to constitutional proprieties than to choose his Cabinet exclusively from the Right. If his object had been to convince France of the impossibility of doing without M. ROUHER, the present Ministers would be admirably fitted for their work. But if the country is really to draw this moral, M. ROUHER's real antagonists must be given the opportunity of proving that they can fill his place. To show that, among the bundle of mediocrities whom the EMPEROR has busied himself in tying together, there is no one of M. ROUHER's mark, is to establish a truth which stands in no need of demonstration. To show that a Cabinet led by M. EMILE OLLIVIER and M. BUFFET



would be equally incapable of filling M. ROUHER's place, would be a more uncertain and possibly a more dangerous experiment, but then it is the only experiment of the kind which it can be worth the EMPEROR's while to try. The natural explanation of the inconsistency is, that the principal recommendation of the new Ministers is that they are willing to take office without insisting that the significance of the Message shall be made clear to them beforehand. The members of the Third Party have given notice that the Message can only be accepted as satisfactory if it shall prove to embody the points contended for in their interpellation. Their leaders, therefore, could only have taken office on a distinct understanding with the EMPEROR that the substance of Ministerial responsibility would not be withheld from them. The Imperial oracle was constitutionally indisposed to interpret the mysterious utterances in which he has endeavoured to conceal his thoughts, and the only alternative was to pick out servants who would not insist upon knowing what their master means. As long as the Corps Législatif can be kept in the country, this device may be passably successful. But when the deferred Session begins again, the Message will certainly be subjected to searching and hostile criticism, and when that time comes, the inability of the Ministry to defend their Sovereign's policy will be hardly compensated by their readiness to remain in ignorance of it. M. ROUHER's nomination as President of the Senate for the remainder of this critical year has not tended to conciliate the wavering affections or to confirm the doubting minds of the Third Party. Even if the new Ministers were stronger men than they promise to be, the fact that the *Senatus Consultum*, which is to fulfil the promises of the Message, will be prepared under the guidance of the great adversary of Ministerial responsibility would be sufficiently ominous. It is clear that the EMPEROR's reluctant determination to part with M. ROUHER need not imply any serious diminution of the ex-Minister's influence. As long as personal government subsists in any form, the confidential adviser of the Sovereign will be the real chief of the Administration; and it looks as though the work of the Cabinet would be to defend in the Corps Législatif the measures which have been decided upon between the EMPEROR and the President of the Senate. The rumoured revival of the post of Arch-Chancellor of the Empire for M. ROUHER's benefit, and the alleged intention to give the Senate a quasi-representative character, point to the same consummation. A compromise by which the constitutional powers of the Corps Législatif shall be diminished at the same time that its constitutional liberties are increased, would be thoroughly suited to the EMPEROR's theory of government.

The whole aspect of affairs in France goes to confirm the notion that the Message was mainly meant to gain time. There is nothing that the EMPEROR has said in it which shows unmistakably any intention of submitting himself to the restraints of a constitutional ruler, and, considering how eminently distasteful such a position would be to him, we are justified in asking for very strong evidence before accepting an explanation of his acts which has so much inherent improbability. It is more likely that the Message was framed in the hope that the Third Party might be willing to take less than they had asked for, and that the ambition of their leaders would be satisfied by the possession of nominal power. The possible disappointment of this expectation was no doubt provided for, and in the contemplation of that event the EMPEROR's thoughts would naturally turn to the majority, whose partial defection had given such unexpected weight to the interpellation. The coalition of so many members of the Right with the Third Party might yet admit of being dissolved. The passion for liberty which burns in the breasts of politicians like the Baron DE MACKAU must be mainly fed by a fear of the consequences of resistance. They can have no more desire than the EMPEROR himself to see anything conceded which can be refused with reasonable safety. Upon men of this temperament the EMPEROR might hope to make an impression by a compromise like that indicated in his Message. They had evidently been anxious that he should do something, because they distrusted his ability to withstand the pressure which would be put upon him if he remained inactive; and their adhesion to the interpellation of the Third Party might be explained by their desire to save the EMPEROR's dignity. If they had asked nothing but what they were prepared to insist on, he would have had no choice but to yield or refuse, whereas they were probably anxious to leave him the alternative of suggesting a compromise. It is quite possible that by some such reasoning as this NAPOLEON III. has convinced himself that the forces lately marshalled against him will prove to be united by a rope of sand, and that by the arrival of winter he will find himself confronted

as before with an obedient majority, an irreconcilable Opposition, and a powerless Third Party. The most interesting question for Europe generally is, whether he has formed any plans contingent on the failure of these calculations.

#### THE LORDS' PROTEST.

THE peers who exercised the ancient right of protesting against the third reading of the Irish Church Bill may possibly have made a fractional contribution to history. Future writers, embarrassed with superfluous wealth of debates and leading articles, will find in the protest a concise summary of the chief platitudes and fallacies which justified to ordinary minds an instinctive aversion to Mr. GLADSTONE's measure. Lord DERBY and his associates dissent from the Bill, in the first place, because it "for the first time since the foundation of the British monarchy introduces, so far as Ireland is concerned, the principle, unrecognised in any other country in Europe, of an entire severance of the State from the support of any and every form of religious worship." If the British monarchy means the kingdom of England, there could be no question of an Irish Establishment in the days of EGBERT, of ALFRED, of EDWARD the Confessor, or of WILLIAM the Conqueror. The principle of the severance of the State from the support of the form of worship practised by the great majority of the people has for three centuries prevailed in Ireland alone among the countries of Europe; and the implied assumption that Europe includes Christendom, or the civilized world, is as obsolete as the custom of protests. The United States and the great English colonies supply precedents for the separation of Church and State which deprive the Irish Church Bill of the merit and reproach of absolute novelty; but it is true that, in the words of the second ground of dissent, "the adoption of this principle with regard to Ireland cannot but give great encouragement to the designs of those who desire its extension to every part of the United Kingdom." The amputation of a limb tends to weaken the entire frame; but it is a question whether the disease which rendered the operation necessary ought not to be regarded as the original cause of danger, or of ultimate injury. Nonconformist bigotry, after sharing in the performance of an act of justice, will henceforth concentrate itself with increased efficiency on the destruction of a beneficent institution. The clamour which has prevailed against the proper application of the confiscated surplus will perhaps induce Mr. GLADSTONE or his successors to attack the Established Church of England. Those who sympathize least with sectarian intolerance have the strongest reason to regret the existence of abuses which gave political Dissenters the opportunity of a triumph.

The protesting peers appear not to have made up their minds on the question whether Irish Church property was held by a Parliamentary title. They declare that it is a violent stretch of the power of Parliament to resume a grant made by itself in perpetuity, and "still more to confiscate property held by long prescription, and by a title independent of Parliament." It would seem that the Church property is held by a title superior to a Parliamentary grant; yet in a subsequent paragraph the dissentients complain that "the Bill tends to shake confidence in all property, and especially in that which rests on a Parliamentary title, hitherto considered as the most unassailable of all." It therefore appears that the Church holds its property by a title independent of Parliament, and also by Parliamentary grant, which confers the best of all titles; and it must be confessed that two paragraphs of a protest including two direct contradictions tend to destroy confidence in all the propositions of which it is composed. It is a curious fact that Lord DERBY and Lord CAIRNS consider private property less sacred than "that which has been solemnly set apart for the purposes of religion and the service of ALMIGHTY GOD." It was thought a daring fiction of the poet to assert that "streams meander level with their fount"; and there is higher authority for saying that the liabilities of a donor to the altar run with his gift. Sacredness, as applied to property, is a metaphorical and ambiguous term; but in practice the forcible alienation of private possessions has always been considered a more violent act of injustice than an interference with property held in mortmain. The doctrine that endowments are more indefeasible than private estates will be quoted in Parliament against Irish landlords before two more years have passed. A theorist may contend with much plausibility that public trusts ought to be preferred to private rights; but as long as men care more for their natural heirs than for their official successors, a private landowner will feel himself more aggrieved by expropriation than the holder of an ecclesiastical

benefice. Lord DERBY, who formerly suppressed several Irish bishoprics, would have hesitated to readjust and consolidate the same number of private estates by an Act of Parliament. All rights of property are in a certain sense creatures of positive law, but corporations are by many degrees more artificial than families. A son is commonly thought to have a contingent interest in his father's property, but no layman has a better right than another to acquire, through the intermediate stage of priesthood, any given bishopric. The test of proprietary sanctity is the disappointment which would be caused by a change in the order of succession.

Lord CAIRNS, and even Lord MALMESBURY, have hesitated to affirm the rash proposition that it is impossible to place a voluntary Church disestablished and disendowed on a level with the Church of Rome with its complete and despotic organization. It is highly probable that the statement may be true, but that is no reason for making it. The argument was invented by Mr. DISRAELI; but the peers have missed the point of his ingenious paradox. It suited his purpose to affirm, not that the Roman Church was strongly constituted, but that, depending on a chief who is still a temporal potentate, it was virtually established. The confusion of terms is sufficiently obvious; but it is essential to support Mr. DISRAELI's inference. Mere superiority of discipline has been regarded as a comparative merit since the time when the children of the world were in their generation held to be wiser than the children of light; yet the elaborate machinery of the Roman Church is but a secondary cause of the influence which it exercises. In America, where there is neither establishment nor endowment, Rome is entirely unable to hold its own against the national spirit and tendency; and in the city of New York, where the Irish Catholics control the local government, the clergy, instead of trusting to their superior organization, are endeavouring to secure endowments for their schools, if not for their churches. On the Continent of Europe the Romish Church has lost all power over educated men, although it is still allowed to govern women and ignorant peasants. In Ireland the zeal of the people is maintained by social causes, and especially by religious antagonism. As the Bishop of St. DAVID's said, two anomalies existing side by side probably in some degree explain one another. The Irish Establishment and the Ultramontane orthodoxy of the Roman Catholic population may hereafter be found to have been naturally connected. The authors of the protest may perhaps be justified in thinking that unassisted truth will be defeated, but, as believers in the faith of the Protestant Church, they ought in prudence to have affected a belief in the vitality of their own doctrines.

The scruples of the two dissentients from dissent have unluckily not extended to the wanton prophecy that the Irish Protestants will be provoked into an agitation for the repeal of the Union. The argument was unseasonable when it was employed in debate, and, except that protests attract but little attention, it would be wildly indiscreet to place such an anticipation on record. The Orangemen would probably be willing to renounce their allegiance to England, if only they had first obtained exclusive possession of Ireland. At present, finding themselves outnumbered in Ulster itself, and forming a small minority in the remaining provinces, the Protestants will necessarily rely, as in former times, on the support of their co-religionists in England and Scotland. An Irish Parliament returned and governed by a Papal Legate would assuredly not find favour at Derry or Enniskillen. The whole protest is marked by a carelessness of consequences which is not creditable to statesmen. Even in a family discussion, when a practical point has been irrevocably decided, wise men and women abstain from giving utterance to warnings which have been overruled, and to useless forebodings. The anxieties and regrets which may weigh upon the minds of Lord MALMESBURY and the Duke of MARLBOROUGH ceased to be matters of public concern when the House of Lords passed the mutilated Bill. If the protest has any effect, it may perhaps serve to tranquillize the minds of unwilling supporters of the measure, by exposing the vague and inaccurate reasoning of its principal opponents; yet it would have been well if the privilege of protesting had been abandoned when the Peers surrendered the use of proxies. Both practices are founded on the assumption that a peer is like a plenipotentiary at a Congress, not merely a member of a deliberative assembly, but the organ of an independent and irresponsible power. A vote against a Bill, explained if necessary by a previous speech, is the only reasonable form of protest. It unfortunately happened that a large majority of the House of Lords, though it passed the vote which provoked Lord DERBY's protest, introduced amendments which were wholly incompatible with the fundamental principle of the

Bill. If it had been proper to protest against their decision it would have been enough to say that there was not the smallest chance of their attaining their object. There is no argument against any course of action so conclusive as the proof that it is impracticable; yet the majority voted for the retention of the Ulster glebes as gravely as if the property had been at the disposal of the House of Lords. It is remarkable that not a single English bishop signed the protest against alleged confiscation and sacrilege.

#### WATER SUPPLY AND DISTRIBUTION.

THE Commissioners on Water Supply append to their elaborate investigation of the competing sources a more concise discussion of the administrative and mechanical methods of distribution. Nearly all the promoters of competing schemes, and the majority of independent witnesses, recommended the transfer of all the London Waterworks from the existing Companies to some public or municipal body. Among the chief hydraulic engineers, Mr. HAWKLEY alone adheres to the preference which he has always expressed for independent enterprise. The preponderance of recent opinion is undoubtedly in favour of corporate management for all similar undertakings. If the provision of pure water for great towns had from the first been entrusted to the energy of public bodies, the greatest of sanitary improvements would probably have been delayed for a quarter of a century. The poorer ratepayers are only now beginning to learn the value of water; and the owners of cottage property object as strongly to the cost of mains or cisterns as to any other outlay incurred for the benefit of the compound householder. Joint-stock Companies, often composed of the more respectable inhabitants of the district, after creating or extending the desire for ample supplies of water, have by their financial prosperity excited the emulation of municipal reformers, who not unnaturally desire to reap the gain of a successful experiment. The expropriation of the Companies has already been effected by fair bargain in many of the largest towns; and there would be no injustice in extending the same process to London. The consumers of water are now, by modern legislation, partners in the profits of Water Companies, inasmuch as the rates are reduced as soon as the limits of a fixed dividend have been exceeded. It is plausibly contended that the shareholders, having no interest in a further increase of revenue, become, on the attainment of the maximum dividend, mere annuitants or mortgagees, without any motive for providing further accommodation. In practice the rule has a less injurious operation, as it induces the Companies from time to time to enlarge their works by raising additional capital. The consumers or their advocates complain that the reduction of water-rates is always indefinitely postponed, although Parliament subjects new issues to a lower rate than the interest on the original capital. As the restriction of rates applies only to domestic supply, trading purchasers of water probably derive an advantage from the legal limitation of dividends, for the Company has no sufficient motive for raising an excessive revenue by exorbitant charges. There is a greater risk of corrupt transactions when the manufacturer buys water from a Corporation in which his class may perhaps exercise a commanding influence; but in London the household consumers would always control an elected municipal body. Notwithstanding the assertions of eager partisans, there is little difference in efficiency or economy of management between Companies and Corporations. The work is done by the same class of engineers and clerks, receiving about the same salaries; and under both systems the staff is for the most part honestly desirous to meet the general convenience. It might have been supposed that the mechanical conditions of distribution were entirely independent of private or municipal ownership; but it happens that the mode of supply may in some cases be affected by the nature of the governing body. It is said, perhaps with truth, that regulations for the prevention of waste can be more easily enforced by public functionaries than by the officers of a trading Company, and the distinction, if it is well founded, bears directly on the question of intermittent or constant supply.

The strongest argument for corporate administration is that it tends to counteract the selfishness of the owners of small houses. It is true that, except in London, which is excluded from the operation of the Health of Towns Acts, the authority in every district has power to enforce a supply of water to every house; but it is only where the ratepayers have a pecuniary interest in enforcing the law that Corporations or Local Boards take advantage of its provisions. When the water-

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works belong to the Corporation, it is customary to impose a water-rate on all property in addition to the direct charge on each consumer, which is of course reduced. The governing body, for its own sake, takes care that a compulsory supply is provided for the poorest houses; and the house-owners, having in any case to pay the municipal rate, have a diminished interest in subjecting their tenants to death and disease by depriving them of water. A part of the general rate is expended for public purposes, such as watering the streets and flushing the drains; and the profits of the entire undertaking, after interest has been paid on the capital expended in construction or purchase, form a part of the municipal revenue. The system is at present imperfect, through the inability of the Corporation to impose taxes beyond the limits of its jurisdiction. It is in almost all cases found convenient to supply the suburbs and neighbouring villages by the works provided for a central borough; but the outlying districts, as they cannot be rated, pay a higher price for domestic supply, and are subject to all the alleged inconvenience which is supposed to follow from dependence on a trading Company. In all similar cases satellite towns ought to have a legal right to purchase water in bulk at a fixed price. Unless their interests are protected, it is inevitable that the local metropolis will prefer itself to its neighbours, even if it is not sometimes tempted to stint a supply which may perhaps be used for purposes of commercial competition. When one or more municipalities have been established in London, there can be little doubt that they will be empowered to acquire the property of the Water Companies. At some more distant period they will perhaps be able to overcome the difficulties of distribution which baffle the present managers.

There is no dispute as to the superiority of constant service, by mains and pipes always charged, to intermittent supply by storage in cisterns. The water in the mains is cleaner and cooler; and in case of fire it can be used through hydrants, without the necessity of pumping. The comparative saving of water under constant service would be enormous if only consumers and their servants were uniformly honest and careful; but unfortunately it is found that the assumed condition is the reverse of the actual practice. In the poorer districts of London the managing engineers have struggled almost in vain against reckless waste of water and habitual dishonesty. The children amuse themselves with damaging the fittings, which are ultimately purloined by their elders. The Chelsea Company some time ago attempted to provide constant service for a low district in Westminster, but the middle-men or compound house-owners immediately sold the cisterns, and then refused to pay the Company for the water. In Manchester constant service is facilitated by the infrequency of decent arrangements in the smaller houses. The inhabitants of Glasgow allow to run to waste a far greater quantity of water than they use, and the Corporation winks at the irregularity in the hope that the overflow may tend to disinfect the filthy ditch which shares the name of Clyde with the beautiful river above and the noble estuary below. The squalid districts which, through the habits of the residents, offer the greatest impediment to the provision of constant service, suffer most universally by the unavoidable maintenance of the intermittent system. A householder in comfortable circumstances can take care that his cistern is tolerably clean, but the water supplied to the poor is fouled by storage in unfit receptacles. The engineers of the Companies are strongly impressed with the suffering caused by the unthrift practices of the population, and by the greedy inhumanity of the compound house-owners; but most of them doubt whether any attainable supervision would render constant service practicable, except with a ruinous expenditure of money and water. Mr. GREAVES, engineer to the East London Company, contrives to provide 25,000 persons with constant service by the ingenious device of limiting the gauge of his pipes by a throttle or disc interposed between the main and the tap. The remaining orifice only allows the passage of a pint in a minute, so that, as Mr. GREAVES observes, the waste is at the worst limited to 180 gallons a day. Even with this precaution Mr. GREAVES finds it necessary to practise incessant vigilance; but it may be assumed that, as he is extending the system, his experiment has on the whole succeeded. There can be no doubt that, in common with his colleagues in other districts, he would welcome corporate administration if it involved additional efficiency of control. Unless the owners of small houses, with the aid of their tenants, contrived to return the majority of a municipal body, it is probable that wasteful occupiers would be more afraid of a Corporation than of a Company. The change of the mode of distribution, even

in the better class of houses, must be extremely gradual, as it would in almost all cases require a renewal of the pipes. When the change was accomplished, it would probably be still undesirable to dispense wholly with cisterns.

As there are at present no corporate authorities in London outside of the City, legislation in accordance with the Report of the Commission would be premature with regard to distribution, as it would be superfluous in respect of supply; yet Parliament will probably be required to deal with the question before many years have elapsed. When the occasion arises, it will be extremely desirable to reconsider the expediency of providing works to store a portion of the floods of the Thames. The abstraction in dry weather of an eighth part of the stream above tideway is a not inconsiderable evil; and if the cleanly habits of the upper and middle classes gradually extend to the bulk of the population, the present allowance of water may hereafter be largely exceeded. It is important to remember that the point at which the salt water meets the inland current depends on the stream which reaches Teddington. The impurities which are corrected by fresh water are far more noxious when they are discharged into salt water; and it was mainly because the brine advanced in dry seasons higher up the river than in ordinary times, that the smell of the Thames became so utterly intolerable nine or ten years ago. The sewage has happily since that time been sent to poison the less populous neighbourhood of Barking, but it is still desirable that the river should consist of fresh water in its passage through London. A small portion of the capital which would have been spent in bringing water from Wales or Cumberland would suffice to make three or four artificial lakes, which might discharge a regulated quantity into the river at the driest seasons of the year. An eighth part of the storage which Mr. BATEMAN proposed for his Welsh gathering grounds would provide for a hundred days a supply equal to the whole amount which is now drawn from the Thames. It would be worth while to construct reservoirs of larger capacity for the purpose, not only of compensating the river for its loss, but also of perceptibly increasing the summer flow.

#### THE FEMALE FRANCHISE.

JOKES are now a prohibited luxury. Jestings which is not convenient has, we all know, been condemned by an apostle; but St. PAUL's qualification certainly implies that there may be a jesting which is not inconvenient, which is therefore lawful, and may be expedient and even edifying. But in the present state of the political mind we are forbidden to laugh. HERACLITUS, or the spirit of HERACLITUS, pervades the austere atmosphere of Downing Street, and as Mr. GLADSTONE was never by his worst enemies taunted with having committed an accidental pleasantry, it is no wonder that he has forbidden us to utter a joke. There is poor Lord SALISBURY, who on Tuesday night was seriously called to order for his jocosity. If there was any joke in a single word which he said, we are as unable as any Scotchman to discover it, and at any rate it was the very mildest attempt at jocularity on record; without any disrespect to the noble marquis, we must remark that, even if what he once said about lunatics, and his retort about a balloon, had some point, though we hardly know what it was, we are totally unable to see the fun or "merriment" in it which so dreadfully scandalized the LORD CHANCELLOR. To tell such a man as Lord SALISBURY that he is no better than "my lord BIRÓN," "a man replete with mocks" and "wounding flouts"; to tell him of his "gibing spirit" which ROSALINE goes on to rebuke—

Whose influence is begot of that loose grace,  
Which shallow laughing hearers give to fools;

is, we should have thought, hard measure for what he said about lunatics, did it not come from one of a Cabinet which will soon bring in a short Bill to prohibit laughter, at least on all subjects submitted to the gravity and wisdom of Parliament. We do not dare, therefore, to treat with levity the late meeting of the London National Society for promoting Women's Suffrage. As Mr. MORLEY remarked, the question had nearly passed out of the epigrammatic stage, and "endeavours" "should now be made to bring men to a more serious frame of mind." We own that we are brought to a more serious frame of mind. Mrs. TAYLOR in the chair, and Lord Houghton assuring us that his Oriental experiences had proved to him that women in the East had a remarkable capacity for government, is enough to repress any tendency to hilarity. As sackcloth and ashes are the order of the day, we assist at the *soirée* in Conduit Street without the slightest provocation

to levity. Miss COBBE and Miss FAITHFULL are no laughing matter; and we cheerfully acquit Professor FAWCETT and even Mr. STUART MILL of any capacity for affording amusement.

If it were possible to believe that the late Conference made any mistake, we should say that some of the speakers last week argued their cause on a false issue. Lord HOUGHTON'S experience of the beneficent rule of some Begums surely might be met by instances the other way. SEMIRAMIS might be confronted with THOMYRIS, and ZENOBIA and HYPATIA and ASPASIA can easily be met by disagreeable instances of a very different sort of female rule. Against Queen ELIZABETH, for example, or the present Queen of ENGLAND, suppose we were to set the ex-Queen of SPAIN. Mr. STUART MILL again forgot his logic, or rather condescended to a paralogism which, considering his audience, was perhaps venial, when he argued that he had the good fortune to know many ladies much better fitted to exercise the franchise than the majority of the men of his acquaintance. It seems not quite to prove Mr. MILL'S point—which is that, sex for sex, women are in all respects possessed of the same rights, and equal to the same responsibilities and duties, as men—to remark that Mrs. SOMERVILLE or Mrs. GROTE is more intelligent than the Westminster voters who rejected Mr. MILL. Madame DE STAËL or Madame ROLAND may have been very superior to many members of the Constituent Assembly. Whether the horse or the lion is the nobler animal generically is a fair question for physiologists; but that question is not solved by producing a costermonger's pony on one side, and the free king of the Libyan desert on the other. Women of course appreciate the loose argument drawn from pitting the claims of the very best women against those of the very worst men; and we must do Mr. MILL the justice to say that he does not often condescend to so puerile an argument as this. Mrs. FAWCETT at any rate showed a keener appreciation of the task which the Conference had before it, when she observed that the objection—"We never heard of such a thing," namely, as the equal rights of woman—was the real thing they had to grapple with. And this is it:—Mr. MILL, in his recent most interesting book on the "Subjection of Women," argues the matter on the abstract and *à priori* ground. He says that all the institutions of the world, as regards the inferiority of women, under whatever conditions of society and influences of race, religion, climate, and politics, are essentially and fundamentally wrong. They are brutal in their origin. The consent of mankind in all ages has been given to a huge wrong and injustice, vicious from the very first. The whole notion of the family, even as it has been developed under Christianity or civilization, because it involves subordination, is based upon a despotic theory, and therefore must be bad. This is his argument from the principle of the thing; and then, as regards experience, he says that no instances taken from the generic women as they are, or ever have been, really touch the question. Women have always been more or less subjected and degraded and badly educated; therefore, if it is objected that women, as we know them to be, are unfit to have what they ask for, Mr. MILL tells us this argument is worthless, because it is arguing natural capacities or tendencies from specimens in an unnatural and debased condition.

We admit that it is very difficult to touch this argument, except by leaving it where it stands. There never was an auto-woman; so that after all we are only arguing in the dark. Woman in her true condition, and with a fair start, never existed. From EVE to Mrs. FAWCETT every woman has been in an unnatural condition; and, therefore, there is no possibility in the case to draw conclusions experimentally. The present state of woman is an abuse and a wrong; but then it is coeval with the existence of woman. And though it may be impossible to refute the assertion that women would have been in all respects the equal of men had they always had the same chances as men, it is no proof that they would have been so to complain that, owing to evil social laws, they never have been so.

But the matter is elevated by Mr. MILL into still more abstract regions of speculation. It is quite curious to observe in Mr. MILL'S most able book how he assumes tacitly, as a matter beyond doubt, that—except of course as regards sex—there is no essential difference in a psychological and physiological aspect between man and woman. On the physical facts, and the analogy of the lower animals, he says nothing. Throughout he assumes the absolute and perfect identity of capacities and faculties in the two sexes of the human animal. He argues, and the admission is valuable, that in the present state of scientific knowledge little can be concluded for the subjection of women on these grounds. But

it is easy to retort that as little can be concluded for the equality of man and woman; yet this is precisely what Mr. MILL assumes, without proof, in every page of his essay. Women are in all respects equal to men. Nobody can deny it, nobody can dispute it. The fact is axiomatic; whereas it happens to be very disputable indeed. We are not going to say that in the earliest and prehistoric times, and in the primitive condition of society, the solemn inquiry about the relative nature and capacity of man and woman was gone into and concluded, and that man, having satisfied himself that there was a psychological differentia between the sexes, after a fair and full investigation concluded the radical and abstract inferiority of woman, and proceeded to hand her over to that social and moral inferiority under which she has languished from that hour to this. We do not say this; we know nothing either about the social compact, or any convention of humanity before letters and history began; but we must say that the fact of female inferiority or subjection has to be accounted for in some better way than by the assertion—for it is the merest assertion—that society in every age and clime has been wrong from the very first. Whether there be such things as innate ideas, having the fear of metaphysics before our eyes, we shall not say; but the argument drawn from the common consent of mankind, which Mr. MILL does not dispute as a fact, and to him a shameful fact, is not to be set aside by merely saying it is wrong. The common consent of mankind comes up very nearly to an instinctive notion—a great principle—an idea therefore founded probably in the constitution of the human animal. Anyhow the assertion, if it is a mere assertion, of the abstract generic inferiority of women, backed by the consent and testimony of all mankind, is as trustworthy as the opposite assertion, which is also a mere assertion, of the abstract generic equality, unsupported by any proof whatever. An abuse, if it is an abuse, which is certainly coincident with the general order of society, civilized as well as uncivilized, and only older than history itself, must, one would think, have some deeper account, and perhaps justification, to produce in the constitution of things, than can be got rid of by merely saying that it is an original evil. Anyhow, let us perfectly understand what the female movement means. The immediate claim is for the Parliamentary suffrage; but what is really at issue is the perfect and entire equality of the sexes. If a woman may vote for her representative in the Legislature, there cannot be a moment's doubt about the propriety and justice, and policy too, of allowing her to be a legislator herself. A woman already votes for parochial officers, and therefore, as the law stands at present, she may be overseer and perhaps churchwarden. If Mr. JACOB BRIGIT'S Bill conferring the municipal franchise on women passes, it is quite certain that we ought to have the Town Councillors, Alderwomen, and female Mayors. The Ecclesiastical would be the natural development of Female Franchise. No doubt we are a long way from this. Rome was not built in a day, nor are the world's opinion and the world's judgment to be reversed in a day. Professor FAWCETT and the male orators at the Conference think that Female Emancipation will be won in their time, which shows that they reckon on longevity. The lady speakers are more prudent and cautious, and acknowledge that a very uphill fight is before them.

#### THE QUARTERLY REVIEW ON ADMINISTRATION.

THE *Quarterly Review* has renewed the attack which was commenced in a former number on the English system of government. The writer deserves credit for assuming, by the use of an ingenious title, the conclusion which he undertakes to establish. The advocate of popular or local government who accepts the issue of "Scientific v. Amateur Administration" will be thought to have allowed judgment to go against himself by default. The real question is whether the English or the Continental practice is on the whole to be preferred; and it is probable that for some time to come the universal supremacy of *Préfets* and of *Raths* of different degrees will be unpopular in England. Clerks and under-secretaries are amongst the most useful members of the community, but, in common with other classes, they are subject to the temptation of believing in their own unapproachable superiority; and in their zeal for skilled administration they cannot understand that functions similar to their own are every day discharged with equal efficiency by trained servants of commercial and corporate bodies. The Post-Office, which furnishes their favourite illustration of their unequalled ability in organization, although it is creditably conducted, is not more efficiently managed than the London and North-Western Rail-

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way, or the Midland, or the Great Northern. In both kinds of establishments the practical skill of managers or permanent functionaries is subject to the general control of a Parliamentary Minister or a Board of Directors. If the Government had constructed the English railways, it would have expended a smaller amount of capital; but it would have been far more dilatory than private enterprise, and the accommodation which it would have afforded would have been comparatively scanty. The mere postponement of the construction of necessary railways for five or ten years would have cost the community more than any waste which has been actually incurred. If the Government were at this moment to purchase the railways at their value, it could not without loss work them more cheaply, more securely, or with more public convenience. There would be no additional science employed in the management, except that, if the *Quarterly Reviewer* had his way, a permanent Civil Servant would be substituted for the Parliamentary President of the Board of Trade. Wherever science, or, in more correct language, special knowledge is required, it can always be secured for an adequate consideration. There is no reason why a railway manager on a salary of 3,000*l.* or 4,000*l.* a year should understand his business less thoroughly than if he received a lower rate of remuneration with the title of Government Inspector.

With a laudable contempt of traditional opinion or prejudice, the *Quarterly Reviewer* includes in his denunciation the ancient institution of Trial by Jury. In civil causes there is a growing tendency to withdraw from the cognizance of juries the questions which they have been found by practice most incompetent to determine; but on simple issues of fact judges and lawyers for the most part prefer the amateur decisions of juries to the scientific conjectures of judges. The unsatisfactory working of the new election tribunals has been generally attributed to the absence of a jury or of a committee; and, but for the impossibility of taking members of Parliament down to delinquent boroughs, the combination of the new and old systems, by the appointment of a judge to preside over a Select Committee, would offer by far the best solution of the difficulties which have so long baffled legislation. The *Quarterly Reviewer* boldly proposes to abolish trial by jury in criminal cases, although the English practice has been deliberately adopted in modern times by every civilized country. It is true that justice is occasionally baffled, although the conviction of an innocent person is extraordinarily rare; yet prisoners and prosecutors would concur in trusting to a jury rather than to a single judge. When a murder has been committed, and a man of bad character is found near the spot with blood on his clothes and the purse of the deceased in his pocket, it is not a scientific question whether he deserves to be convicted and hanged. No general proposition or syllogism will throw the smallest light on the guilt of the accused; but twelve men of ordinary intelligence, familiar with the habits of the country, and guided, if necessary, by an experienced judge, are likely to form the soundest opinion which can be practically obtained. The abolition of criminal juries is so remote a contingency, that it is scarcely worth while to discuss the expediency and efficiency of the system. Grand juries may be safely thrown out to the advocates of bureaucracy, as an obsolete, utterly useless, and occasionally mischievous institution. The unpaid magistracy will probably be abolished long before juries cease to try thieves and murderers. The *Quarterly Reviewer* fairly admits that the magistrates, on the whole, administer justice fairly and in accordance with public opinion. Difficult commercial cases occur for the most part in towns where there are stipendiary magistrates, although the City of London still forms an exception. Justices of the peace, holding a property qualification, and appointed with more or less regard to their social position, will probably soon become obnoxious to democratic jealousy. There can be no doubt that stipendiary magistrates appointed by the Crown would be in all respects preferable to justices elected by the ratepayers. The Reviewer has some ground for his comments on the vestries and municipal bodies which are elected by the lowest class of householders to administer the rates; but as the same electors choose the members of Parliament who through the Executive Government are to appoint scientific administrators, there seems to be little hope of improvement. It is probably true that popular choice affords no sufficient guarantee of official capacity or honesty; but the evil of general corruption has not yet displayed itself in England.

A large part of the Reviewer's argument is founded on the notorious scandals of legislation and of administration in America, and especially in the city of New York. The exist-

ence of a society in which the lowest and most vicious part of the community plunders and misgoverns the respectable classes conclusively proves the iniquity of universal suffrage, but not the inexpediency of local self-government. Under a less extravagantly absurd constitution, New York might have honest aldermen, learned and reputable judges, and a just system of taxation. The thieves who elect police magistrates, and the Irish rabble who divide among their favourites the spoils of office, cannot for any reasonable purpose be contrasted as amateurs with scientific administrators. The members of State Legislatures in New York and elsewhere notoriously sell their votes for hard money, because they are needy and vulgar men selected by unprincipled election managers, acting on behalf of ignorant and careless constituencies. The rural population of the Northern States has probably attained the highest average respectability and intelligence which has yet been reached in any country; but there is no upper class, and the passion for equality induces voters to prefer even those whom they despise to possible competitors who might insult them by claiming their respect. Even if political knowledge and public spirit were far more widely diffused, unwieldy numbers would alone vitiate an elective system. Constituencies numbered by tens of thousands necessarily fall under the control of party managers, who in America are generally conspicuous for their dishonesty. The Republican or Democratic Committee, by selecting the candidates, practically returns the members, who are expected to pay for their seats by distributing places to their patrons. It rarely happens that any man is selected for a legislative or official appointment in America because he is honest and able; and it is a serious disadvantage in political contests to possess the character and habits of a gentleman. The country prospers because wealth, or the power of acquiring wealth, is practically unlimited in proportion to the population. Both legislative and administrative functions are limited in their operation, for the fertility of Ohio or of the valley of the Mississippi is wholly unaffected by political institutions. The American citizen is indifferent to the misdeeds of public functionaries, because he requires little of their aid, and because he knows that they have no power to oppress him. The frauds and incompetence of the collectors have only attracted general notice since the creation of a national debt, and the consequent need for a large revenue. It is not improbable that the Civil Service will sooner or later be reformed on the English model; but there is little chance of a return to the system of nomination in the case of judges.

The comparative merits of the two rival systems of administration are perhaps more visible in Europe than in America. The clerks and permanent functionaries of France, of Prussia, and of Austria have not, after long experience, satisfied their countrymen of their practical superiority to Parliamentary Ministers. The Liberal party in all those countries has long been struggling to establish the system which the *Quarterly Reviewer* would abolish in England. M. ROCHER, who was the model of a scientific administrator, has been displaced because the Legislative Body was bent on trying the alternative of amateurs. The Mayors of Communes, who threatened their townsmen with official vengeance if they voted against the EMPEROR, were so far scientific administrators that they derived their appointments from the Crown. The Prefects and the sub-Prefects, the Judges and the Procureurs, are all in the highest degree scientific, and they prove their quality when a newspaper makes itself disagreeable to the Government. Ordinary Frenchmen think that through a Ministry which depended on a Parliamentary majority they might correct some of the most troublesome eccentricities of their official rulers. The Liberal majority of the Prussian and North-German Parliament, notwithstanding their good will to Count BISMARCK, desire the same object; and in Austria and Italy it has been nominally attained. The purity and ability of which the English Civil Service is justly proud may perhaps not be altogether unconnected with Parliamentary control and sovereignty. In a humbler rank the courtesy and goodnature of an English railway-guard is connected with voluntary enterprise, as the imperious obstinacy of the corresponding officer in France is the reflection of the omnipotent and omnipresent State. An increased consumption of red tape would be an improvement in America, and possibly in one or two departments in England. On the Continent, where it has been for generations employed without stint, it is for the most part considered the most annoying of ligatures.

## METROPOLITAN TAXATION.

CHANCELLORS of the Exchequer who are up to their work are decidedly rare, and yet the scarcity of the article is not due to any lack of opportunity for acquiring the requisite skill. Besides our Chancellor of the Exchequer proper, we have divers officers of State who are called upon on occasion to make financial statements, and introduce financial Bills. The Indian Minister has to do this annually on rather an imposing scale, and even a minor Minister like Mr. AYRTON gets his chance now and then of airing his financial views, and showing his capacity for dealing with weightier matters. Somehow or other, these journeymen Chancellors do not seem very successful, and we cannot congratulate Mr. AYRTON on his exposition of the money affairs of the Metropolitan Board. His Bill may or may not be wise, and it certainly has on the face of it some good points to recommend it, but the explanations with which it was thought advisable to introduce it were remarkable for the absence of information on all the points on which definite and clear statement was especially required. In a vague sort of way the House was told that the new facilities for raising money which it was proposed to give to the Board would result in a diminution of the burden on the taxpayers; but Mr. AYRTON did not condescend to mention the average rate at which existing loans had been obtained, or the estimated dividends which it would be necessary to pay on the stock to be raised under the new system. Two salient facts came out on the face of the Bill which point in opposite directions. One is, that the Consolidated Fund is intended to be relieved by the operation of the Act from the past guarantees to which it has become subject and which cost it nothing, and that in future the metropolitan district is to bear without assistance the whole burden of the embellishment and improvement of London properly so called. This of course by itself would reduce the value of metropolitan securities in the market, and consequently increase the charge upon the rates. On the other hand, it is proposed to put the obligations of the Board in the more convenient and marketable shape of a regular Metropolitan Consolidated Stock, differing only from Consols in having the security of the metropolis instead of that of the nation. Every improvement in the form in which a loan is issued tends directly to diminish the rate of interest, and these provisions must therefore tend to counteract the enhancement of annual charge which the withdrawal of the national guarantee must occasion. Whether the net result would be favourable or unfavourable to the ratepayer is by no means clear, and we are inclined to think that the probabilities are certainly against any diminution in the rate of interest. If this should be so, no one will gain by the Bill. The Treasury, it is true, will escape a guarantee which costs it nothing now, and is never likely to call for an outlay of a single shilling; while the ratepayers will be thrown on their own resources, with no other aid than a little improvement in the form of their financial machinery, and, as far as one can see, a considerable stimulus to the energies of the Board in the matter of imposing additional rates. Whether right or wrong in itself, the scheme is not a boon to the victims of metropolitan rating. At any rate Mr. AYRTON did not venture to specify any definite facts from which he could arrive at this consolatory inference. He said in an airy sort of way that it was so, and could not but be so; but long before he can aspire to higher financial functions he must learn that, in such matters above all others, clear and convincing facts are necessary as the foundation of rose-coloured predictions.

The main idea of the Bill is no doubt the relief of the Treasury from national guarantees for improvements of the metropolis, and this, as Mr. AYRTON plainly pointed out, is insisted on as a matter almost of right, rather than on any lower ground. If it is right, we suppose that the inhabitants of London and the surrounding country must submit to the consequences, though they may take the form of a shilling or even of a half-crown rate. But it is not, to our minds, so clear that it is right. It would be difficult to give any satisfactory reason why the dwellers in Islington or Hampstead, Dulwich or Bermondsey, should with the rest of what is called the metropolis bear the whole cost of the Thames Embankment, to the exclusion of the rest of the country. They do this already, with no more than a nominal guarantee, very valuable to them, but wholly innocuous to the more remote districts of England; and it is doubly difficult to see why an arrangement at once beneficial to them and harmless to every one else should be condemned. If it is insisted that metropolitan works are purely local matters, it is obvious that the charge should be imposed,

roughly at any rate, in some sort of relation to the distance from the spot improved by the outlay. A man who lives in or near Westminster is benefited by the Thames Embankment ten times as much as one whose residence is in the northern or southern suburbs, and whose business never brings him within sight of the magnificent quay. The area included within the range of metropolitan taxation is so enormous that uniform taxation throughout is a grosser injustice to the great mass of the ratepayers than a levy on the whole country would be. It would be less unfair to take a shilling from a Yorkshireman for the embellishment of London than to demand a pound from each unlucky dweller in the suburbs. If the purely local principle is sound—and there is much to be said on the other side of the question—the great bulk of those who suffer by it have a right to complain that the local principle is not fairly carried out. There is no ground at any rate for saying that the present system by which these great central works have been charged exclusively on the district of the Metropolitan Board, with the assistance of a national guarantee which is no burden to any one, is at all unfair to the country as compared with the town. Nor can we appreciate either the policy or the justice of withdrawing the guarantee, as Mr. AYRTON's Bill in effect proposes to do. What is contemplated is that the Board will raise on their own securities money enough to redeem in a few years all their guaranteed stock, and that from that time forward the national credit is not again to be invoked to enable the metropolis to borrow on easy terms. The change seems to us wholly uncalled for, and by no means fair, and we are at a loss to understand by what considerations it is supposed to be recommended.

The other portion of the scheme by which it is intended to give a more marketable character to the securities of the Board is free from objection, but if the new Metropolitan Consols were backed by the guarantee of the nation, they would be issued on much better terms without the slightest injury to any human being. It is mere *doctrinaire* nonsense to say that if this is done for London it must equally be done for every provincial town. There are two broad distinctions—one, that the Treasury actually does exert, and is intended by this Bill to continue to exert, a strict supervision over the finance of the metropolis; and the other, that after all is said, a country can have but one capital, and may very well lend its credit, without any outlay or risk, to make the capital less unworthy of the nation of which it is the centre.

Apart from the defects of principle and policy in the Bill, the prospect held out is by no means encouraging. It seems that an increase of the rate to about fourpence in the pound is contemplated as essential to provide for interest, and a small sinking fund on expenditure already incurred, or which must be immediately incurred, together with a small annual allowance for current outlay. Every one must see that the cost of metropolitan works on a large scale has by no means come to an end. We have, it is true, two bits of embankment faced by a huge expanse of mud which neutralizes almost all the benefit to the river itself, and many millions more must be added to the 10,000,000*l.* which Mr. AYRTON treats as the capital of the Metropolitan Loan before anything like finality can be thought of. All this must mean constantly increasing rates upon one class only—namely, the householders who happen to live within a certain number of miles of Charing Cross. Sooner or later there will be a great murmuring against this taxation, and not without reason. If, as the Bill proposes, the Board is to have unlimited powers of rating, the burden ought to be thrown upon every kind of property within the suffering limits, not even excepting those who benefit most by the outlay—the great owners of ground-rents, who at present pay nothing. We think, too, that the present compromise, by which the whole country contributes its credit, as it does to Canadian Railway loans, is by no means too favourable to the Londoners, and might well be left untouched by the over-zealous hands of Mr. AYRTON.

## A FRENCH ABBÉ ON ULTRAMONTANISM.

THE approach of the promised Œcumenical Council, and the openly avowed design of the Ultramontane party to utilize it for stereotyping their favourite theories as part and parcel of the dogma of the Church, appears to be rousing a chorus of indignant protest from every Roman Catholic country of Europe. We have already called attention to the demonstrations of Spanish and German Catholics. There is now lying before us a pamphlet from the pen of a French Canon, the Abbé de Saint-Pol, which, under the title of *Ultra-Catholicism in England*, and taking a



pastoral of Archbishop Manning's on the Centenary and the General Council as its text, deals with the same subject. The writer seems, from his prefatory remarks, to have been guided in his special selection of English Ultramontanist by his high estimate of our national character and policy, and his keen interest in the religious movement which he fears will be wrecked on the rocks of this "ultra-Catholic" fanaticism. "The liberal instinct of free England directs her in the honourable path of religious toleration," and therefore it is of the last importance to give her "a true and just notion of Catholic doctrine, to prove that the Church is not the enemy of legitimate liberty, and above all to guard against imposing as dogmas theological opinions at radical issue with her civil convictions"; for it will be impossible, he rightly surmises, to convince Englishmen of that "strange alliance of the most absolute principles with the principles of liberty" which the convert apostles of the new school affect to believe in. And "the most eminent among the friends, disciples, and doctors of this school, both from position and personal qualities, is Mgr. Manning, Archbishop of Westminster." Partly for this reason, and partly, it would seem, from indignation at his vehement attack on Bossuet and the Gallican Church, the Canon has chosen the Archbishop's Pastoral as the peg to hang his observations upon. But English Ultramontanist is but the microcosm, or rather the concentrated quintessence, of Ultramontanist everywhere else, and no better spokesman of the party could be found than Dr. Manning. The pamphlet is, therefore, in fact a criticism on its characteristic tenets, and, allowing for differences of national sentiment and phraseology, it is in remarkable accordance with the address of Catholic laymen in the diocese of Trèves, which has since been reinforced by a similar address to the Archbishop of Cologne, and with the statements of Señor de Linaño, already noticed in our columns. Such a criticism comes with peculiar fitness from an ecclesiastic of what was once the Church of Bossuet and the Gallican Liberties, and the more so as the hand that wrote the now famous programme of Ultramontane policy in the *Civiltà* was the hand of a French Jesuit, though the voice that guided its action was a voice from Rome.

After some remarks on Dr. Manning's attempt to elevate the Roman Centenary of 1866 to an importance equal or superior to that of a General Council, as introducing a new era in the life of the Church, the author proceeds to examine the principles which he supposes to have been there solemnly affirmed, and which constitute the leading ideas of Ultramontanist. The first of these is "the perpetual action of Peter as the source of the unity and infallibility of the Church"; on which the Canon observes that Christ, the divine Founder of Christianity, is the sole source of the unity, the infallibility, and the jurisdiction of His Church, which He exercises through the ministry of the Apostles and their successors, of whom Peter and his successors are the chiefs, but no more. On the other hand, "the extreme school, of which the Archbishop of Westminster makes himself the organ and apostle in England, cuts the Universal Church in two, so to speak; it separates the chief from the members, it mutilates the work of Christ, and performs a veritable decapitation." The Archbishop's next point is that Peter received from his Master a special and personal gift of stability in faith, that he might always be able to confirm his brethren. Nothing of the kind, replies his critic, was affirmed at the Centenary, and nothing of the kind is true, "for who can be ignorant in our days that many successors of Peter made terrible shipwreck of this faith?" Any one who will take the trouble to read Church history and the Acts of Councils will "see the defections and errors of many Popes judged and condemned as heretical by these representative assemblies of the universal Church." The Canon might have added that no single Father interprets the text about Peter in Dr. Manning's sense. Whether he or his opponent be right as to what the bishops meant to affirm at the Roman Centenary we must leave others to determine; but if it be true that the extreme section among them drew up "a thinly disguised address in favour of pontifical infallibility," which was unanimously rejected, they can hardly have wished to sanction by a sideward tenet which they at once repudiated when it was openly put before them. Nor can they well have desired to assign a place in "the supreme and infallible teaching of the Church" to the declarations of the Encyclical and Syllabus, if these, even on Ultramontane principles, do not rise to the dignity of new articles of faith, as the Canon asserts. But the Archbishop goes further still. The Encyclical and Syllabus, he tells us, will be "the foundation and the light of the General Council, and will rule its deliberations, and inspire its decrees." "This," remarks the writer, "will be marvellous!" One had supposed that Holy Scripture and tradition were the foundation of Councils, and that they derived their light and inspiration from the Holy Ghost. Even this is not all. "Ultramontanist is simply Catholic Christianity"—an unheard-of principle to substitute, replies the Abbé, for the old rule, *quod semper, quod ubique, quod ab omnibus*, if Catholicism means the certain expression of revealed truths, while Ultramontanist is nothing at best but a theological opinion. Even Bellarmine represents the Papacy as an elective and limited monarchy, while Ultramontanist would make it an absolute one. To adhere to the creeds of the Church is one thing; "the separatist reveries and absolute theories of ultra-Catholicism" are quite another. Moreover, though at first sight it looks like a mere pious exaggeration of devotion to the Pope, it will be seen, on closer inspection, to be "revolution in the

Church and in society." On this point the author shall speak for himself:—

L'Ecole ultra-catholique est l'adversaire, inconsciente peut-être, mais certainement très-réelle, des vrais principes religieux, politiques, sociaux; l'adversaire implacable de toute manifestation loyale et libre des opinions contraires à ses doctrines, et l'apôtre le plus dévoué de l'absolutisme religieux et politique. Aussi, les disciples de cette funeste école se montrent-ils toujours à l'avant-garde du parti anti-libéral et réactionnaire, approbateurs de la compression, défenseurs des mesures restrictives de la liberté du citoyen ou du fidèle; adorateurs de la force coercitive, partisans de théories absolues qui sont la négation de l'ordre naturel, des lois et des droits de la conscience, des droits et des devoirs de l'homme et du citoyen; théories fatales dont la prépondérance, depuis un demi-siècle, a creusé un abîme immense entre l'Eglise et la société moderne.

Où, nous ne craignons pas de l'affirmer, l'ultra-catholicisme, dégagé des fausses apparences, qui en cachent la nature et en dissimulent la portée dangereuse; l'ultra-catholicisme, réduit à sa plus simple expression, est un arsenal de discorde, un foyer de guerre permanente entre la société religieuse et la société civile et politique. Pourrait-il en être autrement? Si, pour être catholique réellement orthodoxe, il est nécessaire d'être, en la pratique comme en théorie, ultramontain sans réserve, il n'est pas un homme éclairé, quelque peu soucieux de sa dignité d'homme et de citoyen, qui voudrait subir une condition si humiliante, et qui ne préférât sortir de l'Eglise pour chercher dans l'indifférence religieuse un refuge à sa conscience révoltée. Quel homme, doué de quelque raison, préservé des fanatiques suggestions de l'esprit de parti, voudrait se faire partisan d'un système religieux qui nie l'existence de l'homme, du citoyen, l'existence même du chrétien, pour ne reconnaître d'autre existence légitime que celle du catholique, ou plutôt celle de l'ultramontain?

The organs of the party declare that "there is no basis of civilization but the Gospel," forgetting that the Gospel is not the negation but the crowning of nature; and, again, that "there is no other architect of the social order but the Vicar of Christ," which is a radical denial of the civil, political, social, and natural order altogether. It is to assert a system of universal theocracy, which no nation or government at this day will for a moment consent to acquiesce in, and thus to run the risk of creating a schism.

The Abbé goes on to examine Dr. Manning's account of Gallicanism, which, he says, still remains in full force in all its truth. Gallicanism, the Archbishop had said, is nationalism, and that is a rejection of the Gospel. His critic replies that this may be true of the nationalism of separate Churches, like the Anglican; but that the nationalism which aims at maintaining, within proper limits, the independence, the sacred rights, the customs and traditions of particular Churches, is good and legitimate, and is condemned neither by the Gospel nor by the Church. But then, it is added, Gallicanism is a mere modern and transitory opinion, with no roots in the ancient traditions of the Church; a spurious court theology, condemned by three Popes and two Universities, and finally retracted by the very bishops who had at first approved it. History has never been a strong point with Ultramontane divines, and they generally show their discretion by eschewing it. To call Gallicanism a modern and transitory phase of purely French opinion, observes the Canon, is "simply to deny the most certain evidence of history, to travesty facts, and to betray a more than common ignorance." What is called Gallicanism is as old as Christianity, and is based on the ancient canons and the traditions of the Fathers. If it was an invention of Gerson's, as Archbishop Manning asserts, how comes it, asks his critic, that no whisper of opposition was heard at the General Council—he might have said the two Councils—of which Gerson was the life and soul? What is really novel is not Gallicanism, but Ultramontanist, which is wholly unknown to Christian antiquity, and in flagrant contradiction to the decrees of the Ecumenical Council of Constance, confirmed at the Council of Basle during its earlier sessions, when it was universally recognised as Ecumenical also. History testifies that the Church never recognised the Pope as an absolute monarch; that Councils, by the admission of the most zealous partisans of the Papacy, can depose Popes for heresy, and have done so; that the dogmatic decrees of Popes are submitted to the examination and revision of Councils, while the decrees of Councils have a supreme and absolute authority, and cannot be re-examined; and, lastly, that before the quarrel of Eugenius IV. with the Council of Basle, the personal infallibility of the Pope was never dreamt of in the Church. Nor is Dr. Manning happier when he comes to modern history. He says that not all the bishops present at the Assembly of 1683 adopted the Gallican Articles, for De Brias, Archbishop of Cambrai, resisted—a mistake into which he has been led by relying on "one of those unscrupulous historians who do not fear to lie for the greater glory of the truth." The records of the Assembly show that the Articles were unanimously approved by the archbishops and bishops present, and that the Archbishop of Cambrai, who had previously felt some doubts, avowed himself convinced by the arguments adduced, and fully persuaded of the truth of the Articles. We need not follow the author through his minute examination of the various mistakes into which his opponent has fallen in tracing the course of the controversy about Gallican opinions in France, and on which he forms the startling conclusion that they have been condemned as schismatical and heretical. His summing up has a significance beyond that of the particular details in debate:—

Is not the spirit of system always the source of false science, of intolerance and injustice? We are therefore more sorry than surprised at the proceedings of a school which finds itself forced to reconstruct history on the principle of contradiction, in the interests of its absolutist principles, both civil and religious. Ultramontanist regards it as a pious work to accuse of heresy and schism those who have the culpable simplicity to remain attached irresistibly to the traditional faith of their fathers.

Two reasons are given in the Pastoral for entering on these subjects; first, the importance of preserving among English Catholics that high, pure, and true conception of the office of the Church and its chief which now happily prevails among them—that is, the Ultramontane view—and secondly, the approaching General Council. The use of holding a Council is indeed far from obvious on this theory. "For the ultra-Catholic school there necessarily exist *two* infallibilities, that of the Pope and that of the episcopal body," except that the more advanced among them recognise that of the Pope only. Their usual methods of proof are more convenient than convincing. If they want to prove the absolute sovereignty of the Pope, they quote texts from the holy Councils and the doctors of the Church which establish his primacy. If they want to demonstrate his personal infallibility, they allege passages from the holy Fathers testifying respectful deference for the first See. Even Bellarmine has not escaped this fallacious method of reasoning. He finds in the Fathers what he brings to them, instead of correcting his views by theirs. It is hardly wonderful, therefore, that Dr. Manning should do the same. Yet these exaggerations only tend to render Papal authority constantly more odious to separated communions and less respected by a large number of Catholics. To say that "Councils act by the inspiration of the head of the Church," is a radical denial of all independent right or action of the bishops whatever. Whether in Council, or out of Council, they are neither judges nor even witnesses of the faith, but "a simple echo of the thought and word of the Pope." It follows inevitably that General Councils are a superfluity, if not an embarrassment, for the Pope, who can decide as well, and therefore better, without their aid. Such a view is indeed in the teeth of all Church history, but—so much the worse for the facts.

The Canon ends by a brief review of Dr. Manning's programme for the practical work of the approaching Council, which comes to affirming "the supremacy of the supernatural law over the natural," or, in other words, "confiscating the State for the profit of the Church." His own view is that a rational alliance of modern societies with the Church should be effected, and he deprecates earnestly, in presence of the rationalism of the day, "the equally extreme and not less perilous opinion" which merges reason in faith, science in religion, the State in the Church, the natural in the supernatural order, imposing absolute and passive obedience, and "reducing both individuals and societies to a state of perpetual minority." On the one side stand those who reject all authority and all Christianity; on the other, those who will allow no liberty, except for themselves, and would fain establish a vast system of universal despotism, declaring any alliance of the Church with modern society impossible, and demanding of it simple abdication. In short, there are those who would have the Church nothing, and those who would have it everything, "*Rêves trompeurs, vaines espérances*," adds the author, and he hopes the Council will dissipate these delusive dreams. The world is more Christian than these theorists are ready to admit, and if all that is good and true in its principles and institutions is favourably accepted by the Church, then, and only then, may a sure harmony be established between religion and modern society. But the further question remains, which the Canon not unnaturally omits to discuss, whether the Council will take that view of the situation which he advocates in common with so many liberally disposed Catholics in his own and other countries, or will suffer itself to be inspired by those "official organs of extreme schools" against which he and they are raising an impressive, but perhaps ineffectual, protest.

#### FLATTERY.

NOTHING is so delightful as flattery. To hear and believe pleasant fictions about oneself is a temptation too seductive for weak mortals to resist, as the typical legends of all mythologies and the private histories of most individuals show; in consequence of which, home truths, to one used to ideal portraiture, come like draughts of "bitter cup" to the dram-drinker. And flattery is dram-drinking; and yet not quite without good uses to balance its undeniable evil, if only it be exaggeration, and not wholly falsehood; that is, if it assumes as a matter of course the presence of virtues potential to the character but not always active, and praises for what might be if the person chose to live up to his best. Many a weak brother, and weaker sister, and all children, can be heartened into goodness by a little bit of judicious praise or flattery, where ponderous exhortation and grave reproof would fail; just as a heavily-laden horse can be coaxed up-hill when the whip and spur would lead to untimely jibbing. If, on the contrary, the flattery is of a kind that makes you believe yourself an exceptionally fine fellow when you are only "mean trash"—a king of men when you are nothing better or nobler than a moral nigger—making you satisfied with yourself when at your worst, then it is an unmitigated evil; it then becomes dram-drinking of a very poisonous kind, which sooner or later does for your soul what unlimited blue ruin does for your body. But this is what we generally mean when we speak of flattery, and this is the kind which has got such a deservedly bad name with moralists of all ages.

The flatteries of men to women, and those of women to men, are very different in kind and direction. Men flatter women for what they are—for their beauty, their grace, their sweetness, their charmingness in general; while a woman will flatter a man for

what he does—for his speech in the House last night, of which she understands little; for his book, of which she understands less; or for his pleading, of which she understands nothing at all. Not that this signifies much on either side. The most unintellectual little woman in the world has brains enough to look up in your face sweetly, and breathe out something that sounds like "beautiful—charming—so clever," vaguely sketching the outline of a hymn of praise to which your own vanity supplies the verses. For you must have an exceptionally strong head if you can rate the sketch at its real value, and see for yourself how utterly meaningless it is. You may be the most mystical poet of the day, suggesting to your acutest readers grave doubts as to your own power of comprehending yourself; or you may be the most subtle metaphysician, to follow whom in your labyrinth of reasoning requires perhaps the rarest order of brains to be met with; but you will nevertheless believe any narrow-browed, small-headed woman who tells you in a low sweet voice, with a gentle uplifting of her eyes, and a suggestive curve of the lip, that she has found you both intelligible and charming, and that she quite agrees with you, and shares your every sentiment. If she further tells you that all her life long she has thought in exactly the same way but was wholly unable to express herself, and that you have now supplied her want and translated into words her vague ideas, and if she says this with a reverential kind of effusiveness, you are done for, so far as your critical power goes; and should some candid friend, whom she has not flattered, tell you with brutal frankness that your bewitching little flatterer has neither the brains nor the education to understand you, you will set him down as a slanderer, spiteful and malignant, and call his candour envy, because he has not been so lucky as yourself. The most subtle form of flattery is that which asks your advice, with the pretence of needing it—your advice, particularly—yours above that of all other persons, as the wisest, best, and most useful to be obtained. This too is a form that belongs rather to women in their relations with men, than the converse; though sometimes men will pretend to want a woman's advice about their love affairs, and will perhaps make-believe to be guided by it. Not unfrequently, however, asking one woman's opinion and advice about another is a masked manner of love-making on its own account; though sometimes it may be done for flattery only, when there are reasons. Of course not all advice-asking is flattery; but when intended only to please and not meant to be genuine, it is perhaps one of the most potent instruments of the art to be met with. But if seeking advice is the most subtle form of flattery, the most intoxicating is that which pretends to moral elevation or reform by your influence. The reformation of a rake is a work which no woman alive could be found to resist if the rake offered it to her as his last chance of salvation; and to lead a pretty sinner back to the ways of picturesque virtue by his own influence only is a temptation to self-reliance which no man could refuse, a flattery which not Diogenes nor Zeno himself could see through. The pretensions of any one else would be laughed at cruelly enough; but this is one of the things where personal experience and critical judgment never go in harness together—one of the manifestations of flattery which would overcome the calmest, and bewilder the wisest. Priests of all denominations are especially open to this kind of flattery; not only from pretty sinners who have gone openly out of the right line, but from quite comely and respectable maids and matrons, who have lived blamelessly so far as the broad moral distinctions go, yet who have not lived the awakened life until roused thereunto by this peculiarly favoured minister. It is a tremendous trial of a man's discernment when such flattery is offered to him. How much of this pretended awakening is real? How much of this sudden spiritual insight is true, and not a mere phrasing, artfully adopted for pleasantness only? These are the cases where we most want that famous spear of Ithuriel to help us to a right estimate, for they are beyond the power of any ordinary man to determine. But if priests are subject to these delusions of flattery on the one hand, they know how to practise them on the other. Take away the flattery which, mingled with occasional rebuke, forms the great ministerial spur, and both Revivalism and Ritualism would flag like flowers without "the gentle dew." Scolded for their faults in dress, for their vanity, extravagance, and other feminine vices, are not women also flattered as the favourites of heaven and of the Church? Are they not told that they are the lilies of the ecclesiastical garden? the divinely appointed missionaries for the preservation of virtue and godly truth in the world? without whom the coarser race of men would be given over to inconceivable spiritual evil, to infidelity and all immorality. We may be very sure of this, that if humanity, and especially feminine humanity, were not flattered as well as chastened, clerical influence would not last for a day.

There is one kind of flattery which is common to both men and women, and that is the expressed preference of sex. Thus, when men want to flatter women, they say how infinitely they prefer their society to that of their own sex; and women will say the same to men. Or, if they do not say it, they will act it. See a set of women congregated together without the light of a manly countenance among them. They may talk to each other certainly; and one or two will sit away together and discuss their private affairs with animation; but the great mass of them are only half vitalized while waiting the advent of the men to rouse them into life and the desire to please. No man who goes up first, and earlier than he was expected, from the dinner-table, can fail to see the change which comes over those wearied, limp, indifferent-looking faces and figures as soon as he enters the room.



He is like the prince whose kiss woke up the sleeping beauty and all her court; and can any one say that this is not flattery of the most delightful kind? To be the Pygmalion even for a moment, and for the weakest order of soul-giving, is about the greatest pleasure that a man can know, if he is susceptible to the finer kinds of flattery. Some women, indeed, not only show their preference for men, but openly confess it, and confess at the same time to a lofty contempt or abhorrence for the society of women. These are generally women who are, or have been, beauties, or who have literary and intellectual pretensions, or who despise babies and condemn housekeeping, and profess themselves unable to talk to other women because of their narrowness and stupidity. But for the most part they are women who, by their beauty or their position, have been used to receive extra attention from men, and thus their preference is not flattery so much as *exigence*. Women who have been in India, or wherever else women are in the minority in society, are of this kind; and nothing is more amazing to them when they first come home than the attentions which a certain style of Englishwoman pays to men, instead of demanding and receiving attentions from them. These are those sweet, humble, caressing women who flatter you with every word and look, but whose flattery is nothing but a pretty dress put on for show, and taken off when the show is done with. Anything will do for an occasion with some people. Why, the way in which certain women will caress a child before you is an implied flattery, and they know it. If only they would be careful to carry these pretty ante-nuptial ways into the home, where nothing is to be gained by them but a humdrum husband's happiness! But too often the woman whose whole attitude was one of flattering devotion before her end was gained, gives up every shred of that which she had in such profusion when she has attained her object, and lets the home go absolutely bare of that which was so beautiful and seductive in the ball-room and the flirting corner. Some men, however, want more home flattery to keep them tolerably happy and up to the mark than any woman with a soul to be saved by truth can give. Poets and artists are of this kind—men who literally live on praise, without which they droop and can do nothing. With them it is absolutely necessary that the people with whom they are associated should be of appreciative and sympathetic natures; but the burden comes heavy when they want, as they generally do, so much more than this. For, in truth, they want flattery in excess of sympathy; and if they do not get it they hold themselves as the victims of an unkind fate, and fill the world with the echo of their woes. This is nine-tenths of the cause why great geniuses are so often unhappy in married life. They demand more, and more incessant, flattery than can be kept up by one woman, unless she has not only an exceptional power of love, but also an exceptional power of self-suppression; they think that by virtue of their genius they are entitled to a Benjamin's mess of devotion, double that given to other men; and when they get only Judah's share, they cry out that they are ill-used, and make the world think them ill-used as well. But though a little home-flattery helps the home life immeasurably, and greases the creaking domestic wheels more than anything else can, a great deal is just the most pernicious thing that can be offered. The belief prevalent in some families that all the very small and commonplace members thereof are wonders and greater than any one else—that no one is so clever as Harry, no one so pretty as Julia, that Amy's red hair is of a more brilliant gold than can be found elsewhere, and Edward's mathematical abilities about equal to Newton's—this belief, nourished and acted on, is sure to turn out an insufferable collection of prigs and self-conceited damsels, who have to be brought down innumerable pegs before they find their own level. But we often see this, especially in country places where there is not much society to give a standard for comparative measurement; and we know that those fond parents and doting relatives are blindly and diligently sowing seeds of bitterness for a future harvest of sorrow for their darlings. These young people must be made to suffer if they are to be of any good whatever in the world; and finding their level, after the exalted position which they have been supposed to fill so long, and being pelted with the unsavoury missiles of truth in exchange for all the incense they have received, will be suffering enough. But it has to be gone through; this being one of the penalties to which the unwisdom of love so often subjects us. The flattery met with in society is not often very harmful save to coarse or specially simple natures. You must be either one or the other to be able to believe it. Lady Morgan was perhaps the most unblushing and excessive of the tribe of social flatterers; but that was her engine, the ladder by which she did a good part of her climbing. We must not confound with this kind of flattery the impulsive expression of praise or love which certain outspoken people indulge in to the last. You may as well try to dam up Niagara as to make some folks reticent in any direction. And when one of this kind sees anything that he or she likes, the praise has to come out, with superlatives if the creature is prone to exaggeration. But this is not flattery; it is merely want of reticence, and a certain child-likeness which lasts with some to the end, but which very few understand when they see it, and which subjects its possessor to misrepresentation and unfriendly jibes, as soon as his or her back is turned, and the explosion of exaggerated praise is discussed critically by the uninterested part of the audience.

## FRENCH AND ENGLISH FROM HOME.

THERE are points in which nature has placed us at a disadvantage as compared with the lower animals, and their simple instinct is in some things a less fallible guide than our reason. A brute seldom places itself in what, looked at from its point of view, is a false position. It is true, no doubt, that the intrusion of a tramp's donkey on a patch of clover may expose him to ignominious expulsion, but his passing embarrassment springs from restrictions arbitrarily imposed on the natural rights of property. The position, although artificially false, was really eminently natural. With men it is just the reverse; and, partly from the perverted ambition that aspires after an unattainable versatility, partly from a simulated and audacious unconsciousness that insists on stifling all sense of the ridiculous, you find them habitually in situations from which the most ordinary common sense ought to have warned them away. A train of thought like this is forcibly suggested by the spectacle too often presented by the average bachelor Englishman abroad, disporting himself in an existence alien to his antecedents, among amusements foreign to his character. We have our gifts as a nation, but it must be confessed that vices and follies sit but awkwardly on us. The sturdy independence of the national nature has its complement in an inadaptability which is all angles when it strives to drape itself in foreign graces. A Frenchman is the very opposite of this. He shakes as naturally into his place in the society of any foreign Vanity Fair as if he had been born and brought up in it. He elbows the very natives out of the way, and pushes himself into the place of Master of the Ceremonies, and no one dreams of entering a protest against what no one feels to be a usurpation. He does the honours of the place in an utter ignorance of the language. The Frenchman carries play into his work, while the Englishman works hard at his play; perhaps seldom with effort more sustained than when he tries to coerce himself into a dreamy, lotus-eating repose. In one way or another the former must get through a good deal of business, as the aggregate prosperity of his country testifies; but his habits—protracted breakfasts in the middle of the forenoon, coffee, *chasses*, cigars, absinthe—are all so many compromises with his natural inclinations. Snap the chain that binds him to his trade, and whether for a mere summer holiday or a permanent retreat on his savings, off he flies naturally to revolve in a round of languid pleasures, that are objectless and more or less harmless. You find him the very next morning at one of his own *caus* or the German ones, for anything you see to the contrary, the oldest frequenter of the place, dawdling about it in lacquered boots, without a thought beyond the level promenade in the valley or the tables and chairs that crowd the precincts of the Casino. As a *garçon*, or even as a married man when Madame's back is turned, he takes stock of the fair visitors, darting conquering glances at them with an air of innocent rakishness that will not be denied, and a self-assurance that the shabbiest clothes and the dingiest linen fail to dash. If his stay be prolonged to weeks, his most violent exercise will be a drive in the cool of the evening under the neighbouring trees; perhaps, if of unusually active turn, a single mounted expedition to some more distant valley, with a boy to keep a careful eye on his pony's head. Having swaggered his little season, a *bourgeois* Lauzun or Richilieu, he goes away at length after an innocent sojourn, unharmed and unharmed. But all the time there was no impeaching the airs he assumed; he can boast fairly of having mastered the situation such as it was, and shown himself the right man in the right place.

By way of companion picture, take the roving Englishman in Paris; and we will begin with the language. The Frenchman in Germany does not know one word of German, nor, if he did, could he pronounce a monosyllable of it intelligibly to save his life. But he serves himself of his own tongue with such a luxuriance and eloquence of appropriate gesture that he casts the onus of ignorance on the native who fails to understand him, overwhelming him with confusion. The Englishman knows French words enough to answer all ordinary purposes, if he only made the most of them. But then he lets them fall over his lips in a hesitating, shame-faced way, while his impassive features and inflexible figure refuse the accompanying key. He presents himself at once as an object for contempt and pillage to the volatile foreigner. He does not make industry supply the absence of instinct, nor take the trouble to acquaint himself with the salient features of the strange land he has strayed into. Even did not speech and costume alike bewray him, he would stand committed by the blunders and hesitation that confess him to be utterly abroad. Entering a *restaurant*, for instance, he refuses the initiatory courtesy of raising his hat to the *dame de comptoir*, and, besides earning the malevolence of that lady, draws all eyes upon him, and proclaims at once his social ignorance. Although not altogether a Brillat-Savarin, the *chef* of his club at home regards him as an appreciative critic. Yet here, in his evident confusion, he falls helpless into the hands of a designing waiter, who saddles him with costly dishes he does not care for, and an extravagant dessert he never eats, and jeers at him and his too munificent largess when his back is turned. Or perhaps, having learned from Murray that the *Café Anglais* or the *Trois Frères* are celebrated houses for breakfast, he astounds the myrmidons of these establishments with an order for coffee and broiled ham. But ignorance, however gross, is scarcely criminal, and a constitutional bashfulness may excuse any display of awkwardness. Far less intelligible is the conduct of some of our countrymen who aspire, for the few days of their stay in

Paris, to be men about town there. We can understand, if we cannot sympathize with, the man who, never in any case sacrificing to the Graces, and supremely indifferent to opinion, chooses to pass a day in a great capital in shabby shooting-coat and Alpine boots, on his way to the mountains with a knapsack. He is clearly slovenly or eccentric—a snob, a very superior man, or a savant—and there is an end of it. But the courts of the English caravanserais—the Louvre, the Grand Hôtel, the Hôtel Meurice—swarm with a class who evidently bestow the most sedulous and misplaced attention on their toilets. Were they got up for an afternoon lounge in the High Street of the county town where they were quartered, nothing could be in better taste than the light-coloured shooting-coat, white waistcoat, and substantial double-soled boots, except, indeed, that the jewelry overloading the waistcoat and the lemon-coloured gloves are out of keeping with a professedly simple costume. It seems strange that those who must have more or less mixed with people familiar with the world and its ways, and who aspire above everything to the reputation of being men of the world themselves, should unconsciously proclaim to every one, in the most staring of print, their utter ignorance of society, courting whenever they can, not only notice, but ridicule. It is a mystery that they should go out of their way to display in the Boulevards or the Champs-Élysées a costume they would never dream of sporting in Piccadilly or the Park. Years ago we saw it, but it was in the bars of second-rate English taverns, or in extravagant caricatures displayed in the windows of the Rue Rivoli. Now the majority of travelling English would appear to have dressed themselves studiously after those caricatures, demonstrating to their prophetic authors that the reality could outstrip even their reckless fancy. This season toilets of the sort seem as popular with a certain set of men as curtailed petticoats and over-feathered hats are with their female companions. Without being over sensitive, a man with Parisian friends whose views on dress are somewhat formal finds it sometimes a serious thing to have his acquaintance claimed by a gentleman dressed like an under-keeper *endimanché*. If you were walking in Pall Mall with a dignitary of the Church, you could hardly blame him if he disengaged himself from your right arm were an acrobat in tights and spangles to appropriate your left. But if it is an absurd sight to see these gentlemen affecting the man of fashion of an afternoon, it is a painful one to see them of an evening aping the rake in a society whose sharp sense of the ridiculous is only chastened by its keen appreciation of the practical. If the curiosity of a philosophical student of manners chance to lead him into the unhallowed precincts of Mabilie, "*Que diable allait-il faire dans cette galère*" is the ejaculation that rises to his tongue as he meets countryman after countryman in wide-awake and shooting-coat. Astonishment begins to be tempered down as he sees the number of these who have assembled to keep each other in countenance. The Circes of the Garden, tricked out in a hideous eccentricity of costume that almost throws into the shade the devotees of a Belgravian chapel, even more richly coloured than they (as befits an exhibition by gas light), yet with all the paint scarcely filling the chasms worn in their features by the wear and tear of half-a-dozen seasons—these Circes compose their faces into a decorous solemnity beyond all praise. Only now and then one of them, malicious and unmated, attempts to upset the gravity and mar the chance of a more fortunate sister, or one of the latter lets her suppressed feelings twinkle to the surface in an arch glance or rapid aside to the waiter, as he froths the sweet Champagne at fifteen francs, which the gull she is plucking pays for with the air of a prodigal *grand seigneur* of the Regency. His manly foot will be encased in the thickest of iron-heeled boots, and is destined, perhaps before many days are over, to tread firmly on the dizzy verge of ice precipices in the High Alps. But were it to carry its owner to the summit of the Matterhorn, we should say the feat scarcely demanded more courage than this visit to the Garden, did he only see himself as others see him there. To us the triumph of virtue seems to culminate when she succeeds in making vice show itself thoroughly ridiculous; but although he may involuntarily serve a useful end, the situation of the sham *roué* who points the moral does not seem to us an enviable one.

After all, to revert from vice to folly, if we humbly own the French and Gallicised Russians and Americans to be our masters in graceful fooling, we may console ourselves with looking down upon others in turn. In a season like this, when weather, politics, and poverty have kept strangers in their homes, the Germans for once have it all their own way in their own watering-places, much to the contentment of themselves, and greatly to the dissatisfaction of the hotel-keepers. At the Baths of Nassau, the Taunus, and the Black Forest this year, even an Englishman may enjoy a hearty laugh with a clear conscience. The native women who peacock it on the promenades, with their neutral-tinted hair and complexions, amorphous hats, pinched cloaks and poverty-stricken skirts, look as if they had just risen from a thirty years' slumber in the crushed head-gear and creased clothes in which they had lain down, as if they were still stretching their cramped limbs, and had not yet begun to collect their thoughts, far less make play with eye and tongue. A single Parisian toilet, with the verve, vivacity, and vaudeville-poetry of movement of its wearer, would rile the self-love that lies more or less profound in every female breast, and send them off to despair and the side-walks. As it is, in the happy consciousness of immunity from odious comparisons, they are perfectly natural, and happy, it may be

presumed, after a fashion of their own. But to talk of the sadness of our English mirth after witnessing a scene like that becomes an outrageous absurdity. A French funeral in the plague-stricken swamps of Cayenne must be infinitely more exhilarating than the freest Teutonic dissipation at Ems or Baden.

#### POLITICAL CONSISTENCY.

WE are not going to argue the question of Concurrent Endowment; the phrase has become as tedious as the Compound Householder. But the matter of concurrent endowment has been made the ground of a charge of inconsistency against Mr. Bright, and of course there is plenty of evidence to prove that for many years, from his letter to Sir John Gray seventeen years ago, down to the introduction of the Irish Church Bill, the President of the Board of Trade has advocated the application of the funds of the Established Church to a threefold partition among the denominations. Even in terms the Duke of Cleveland's famous amendment was anticipated by Mr. Bright. The glebe-house and the ten acres of land for the parish priest was Mr. Bright's plan, and, as far as we know, his invention. That he has abandoned this plan is certain, and that, from all that is known on the subject, he never used his influence in the Cabinet to import it into the Bill, may reasonably be concluded. No doubt if the advocates of concurrent endowment, or those who voted for the Duke of Cleveland's amendment, urged as a justification of their policy that the glebe and ten-acre compromise ought not to be considered as so very wild or unreasonable a suggestion, and ought not to be stigmatized as a skulking shift for introducing re-endowment, seeing that it was the plan of the sworn foe of all religious endowments, such a plea is a perfectly fair and legitimate use to make of Mr. Bright's old policy. But it has been used for a further purpose. Mr. Bright is taunted, sometimes openly, sometimes covertly, for being one man in office and another out of office; and we get into the old story of inconsistency, political apostasy, and all the rest of it. Mr. Bright's instance of defection from Mr. Bright is not solitary. Nor is the use which is made of it. In his first letter to Mr. Clivechester Fortescue, Earl Russell quoted a speech of Mr. Disraeli, "a most remarkable speech," delivered in 1844, in which he laid down as the three great requisites for the good government of Ireland, "a strong executive, a good administration, and ecclesiastical equality." To be sure Earl Russell excuses Mr. Disraeli for declining, when he had the chance, to establish that ecclesiastical equality which he had proclaimed to be the talisman by which order would be produced, on the ground—a satisfactory one to Earl Russell—that he himself, even Earl Russell, was just as culpable. He too, even Earl Russell, had since 1844 for more than twelve years held important offices in the Government, and had never even attempted—they are his own emphatic words—to carry into effect opinions which he had openly and distinctly avowed. That is to say, Earl Russell hedges; and at the bottom of his excuse for himself and Mr. Disraeli lurks a great fact. It seems to be this—that in politics there is no stern, austere, and immutable set of principles; that you may do the first best if you can, but the second best as you usually will find yourself forced to do; that after all it is policy, not principle, which must be a statesman's pole-star; that you must steer the ship of the State, not as you would, but as you can. Which is very intelligible and comprehensive, and might as well have been avowed; though, if it had been avowed, it would have been inconvenient to quote, as Earl Russell goes on to quote, from the very same oration of Mr. Disraeli, and to characterize as "sound maxims eloquently expressed," certain sonorous language which must have sounded remarkably fine when it was delivered, and which is now at least very amusing, if not instructive, when we remember that the speaker who uttered these sound and eloquent maxims has lived to carry household suffrage. "I do not understand," said Mr. Disraeli, "the new morality of the House of Commons when gentlemen say 'It is extremely desirable to do so and so, but it is so very difficult; and then there are prejudices. What are we to do against prejudices?' Why, everything great is difficult." In other words, there are two great statesmen of the day committed to these two opposite views, illustrated equally by their theory and practice—that it is the statesman's sublime duty always to lead the people, and to attempt great tasks, unappalled by difficulties, because difficulty is a condition inseparable from true greatness. This is the theory of the thing; and that it is also the statesman's duty, not to lead the people, but to submit to register legislation which he distrusts and dislikes, because he cannot see his way to oppose or conciliate unreasonable prejudices.

There can, of course, be no question which of these two conflicting views is practically right, for the very simple reason that one of them is only unattainable. It may be right never to mind difficulties, but in practice you must mind difficulties. A fool or a fanatic is the only man who usually does act up to his *Fiat justitia, ruat cælum*. A wise man sees that it would not be justice to compass the falling to pieces of the firmament, political or sidereal. And further, this is what every statesman acts upon. Mr. Pitt was the nearest approach to the ideal politician who did the great thing and the right thing, regardless of consequences; but then he was backed by a public opinion as indiscriminating as, and even more reckless than, himself; and moreover, on one memorable occasion at least, he did what the



Wellingtons and Peels and Russells and Disraelis and Brights have done—sacrificed his convictions of the right to his recognition of the expedient, and gave up what he knew to be his great duty about Emancipation, in deference to the honest obstinacy of the Sovereign. The practical question settles itself. But there remains something else to be said. Does it come to this, that all the Parliamentary charges of political inconsistency and political apostasy and discreditable tergiversation, and the rest of it, are always and in all cases mere talk? Is there no such possible crime as political inconsistency? Is one solid virtue of human character to be erased from the moral constitution of man—at least of political man? Are we never to indulge in the pleasant pastime of holding up Old Self to New Self? This, we believe, depends on circumstances, or rather depends on the man. Nobody, we should imagine, would ever very seriously have attacked the late Lord Palmerston for political inconsistency. He would simply have laughed at so grave an accusation; and he might well have laughed at it. Catch a weasel asleep; and catch a Palmerston ever committing himself to an abstract high principle. No doubt he could on occasions say such fine sayings as *Cris Romanus sum*, but then he knew that he was talking nonsense, and was not at the trouble of concealing his imperturbable consciousness of his own nonsense. Lord Palmerston never pretended to mount the serene heights, and to expatiate in the passionless and ethereal regions. He never wrote a book, and never came out as a tribune of the people. And this is the reason why, when charges are made against a statesman of inconsistency between his principles and his practice, they can only be urged with any effect when in the course of his career he has had the ill luck to deliver himself of a principle. This is why, to take prominent instances, inconsistency as urged against Earl Russell, Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Disraeli, or Mr. Bright, is one thing; as urged against Lord Palmerston or Lord Melbourne, quite another. A taunt which would be very damaging to Aristides amounts to very little against Alcibiades. The true practical statesman—we must admit it—never sets up to be a moral hero, because the moral hero makes a very bad statesman. Mr. Bright is not a statesman, and never will be. Having the fear of Mr. Milbank before our eyes, and not wishing to be brought to the bar of the House, we dare not say that Mr. Gladstone is inferior to an archangel; but we may say that there have been, and we hope there will be, better statesmen. And we may safely say this, because it comes to this, that under a certain noble and rigorous standard of moral judgment a good statesman must be rather a poor creature. Mr. Bright perhaps—we should say certainly—is justified in abandoning concurrent endowment, in so far as he is Cabinet Minister; but not so far as he is Mr. Bright, the austere patriot. Mr. Gladstone may be quite right, when ransacking the subtle recesses of that “labyrinthine mind,” to discover that for twelve years he has been in favour of the Deceased Wife’s Sister measure; but to tell us this now distresses some people and aggravates others and puzzles everybody. It is disillusionizing; another idol shattered; another pillar of confidence tumbled over; another bronze statue found to be painted plaster; another Cæsar reduced to Nebuchadnezzar. No doubt for a politician to give up concurrent endowment, or to give up opposition to such a Bill as Mr. T. Chambers’s, is no great thing in itself; but it may be a very great thing as regards Mr. Bright and Mr. Gladstone. Mr. Bright and Mr. Gladstone have done us wrong, because we took them to be very great, first-rate men, and now find them to be good second-rate men, much like other folks. Saints and heroes are unpardonable when we find them to be not so very much better than ourselves. We perversely hate our gods when we find them out to be only excellent logs of wood and lumps of metal.

No doubt all this helps us on to a great amount of cynicism and Sadduceism. We should almost agree with some modern Machiavelli of the future, who would write “A Statesman”—not quite Mr. Taylor’s—and who would gravely lay it down that a statesman must never be a great man; must never write books; must never commit himself to large, broad, high principles; must never be a popular leader; must never commit the fatal mistake of being greatly honoured, greatly trusted, greatly revered. Had not Mr. Bright been the Birmingham and Manchester hero, nobody would have thought much of it because he has given up concurrent endowment; had not Mr. Gladstone been the Oxford hero, and saint to boot, nobody would have thought much more of his altered views about the Irish Establishment than people thought of Sir George Grey’s altered views. The conversion—or perversion, or whatever it is—of Mr. Bright and Mr. Gladstone is resented. It may be perfectly sincere; but it makes their friends angry and sore. This is the price that heroes pay for their pedestals, and saints for their aureoles, and they must make up their minds to the cost.

#### UNIVERSITY TESTS.

WE cannot profess to feel either surprise or regret at the success of Lord Carnarvon’s amendment on the University Tests Bill. Whether the time for devising a working compromise on behalf of the Colleges is not already past is a question to which people will give different answers according to their estimate of the wisdom of these societies, and of the strength of feeling out of doors. But if the House of Lords has any function in the State at all, it is only natural that it should suggest something of the kind. As regards the Lords, the question is a new one; and, consider-

ing the extent to which ecclesiastical and academical interests are represented among them, if they had simply passed the Bill, they would certainly have been throwing away a chance of making better terms for their clients. The debate on Monday betrayed considerable misapprehension as to the points really raised by the Bill. Lord Morley, for example, treated the maintenance of tests in Colleges as though it were simply a device for excluding Dissenters from certain educational prizes. As a matter of fact, however, the question is, in the first instance simply this—Is it desirable that parents should have any guarantee for the religious education of their sons? In those Colleges which have no other effective test than the Act of Uniformity—and we understand that at Oxford there are twelve or so in this condition—it is evident that, in the event of this Bill hereafter becoming law, parents will no longer have any guarantee of the kind. The utmost they will be able to ascertain is the reputed religious creed of the actual tutors at the date of their sons’ matriculation. In the case of lay-Fellows even this may not be very easy; but supposing them to have satisfied themselves somehow or other upon this point, the changes in the composition of the collegiate body are often very numerous and very rapid. Two or three of the resident Fellows take livings, or resolve to try their fortune at the Bar, and the tutorships vacated by them are filled up by others, who, for anything the country father knows, may be Countists or Swedenborgians. A Fellowship which involves tuition cannot be regarded simply as a prize. It is an office with defined duties attached to it, and there is no necessary illiberality in saying that a particular religious belief is an indispensable condition of the satisfactory discharge of those duties. It is somewhat surprising that in many discussions which have arisen on this subject no one has ever thought of ascertaining in which direction the wishes of the persons principally concerned really lie. There would be no difficulty, we imagine, in sending a short statement of the question to the parents of all undergraduates whose names are on the books of any College at Oxford, or Cambridge at the beginning of next October term, with the view of testing whether they are in favour of the Bill or not. It does not follow that it would be right to make their wishes the basis of legislation, but it might be well to have a more accurate knowledge of them than there are at present any means of obtaining.

Unfortunately this mistaken view of the question has been greatly fostered by the action of the Colleges themselves. They have taught the world to regard Fellowships simply as prizes for past work, and they cannot wonder that the lesson has been learned so thoroughly. All writers upon University reform assume that the chance of getting a Fellowship is really the motive power of the University system. It is needless to say that this fact in no way implies any extraordinarily diffused passion for the work of education. A Fellowship is valued because in many cases it has no duties attached to it. It leaves its holder free to follow any career he likes, it supports him during the years which precede success, and, if he has the prudence not to marry, it will equally support him during the years which succeed failure. As to the worth of the prize there cannot be two opinions. A certain number of young men are rewarded every year with a competence for life as a reward for having been at the trouble of educating themselves thoroughly. We should be sorry to underrate the noble self-denial which has led these heroes to cultivate their minds when they might have been exercising their bodies, but is it not possible that under the present system the sacrifice is slightly overpaid? If men will not read steadily between eighteen and two-and-twenty on any more moderate terms than these, would the world be very much the worse if they left their reading alone? Everywhere else a sincere is a perfect abomination of desolation to a radical reformer. He seizes on it with a grasp of iron, worries it without mercy, and refuses altogether to listen to anything that is said in defence of it. But at Oxford and Cambridge the lion becomes a lamb. The purist who denounces a modest pension to a retired official shows himself perfectly content with a system which gives a man a pension before he has begun to work instead of after he has finished work. The inconsistency must, we suppose, be attributed to the glamour which everything in the shape of a competitive examination has for a certain class of minds. It is to them the *articulus stantis vel cadentis universitatis*; and, in their zealous determination to make Fellowships thoroughly open, they have no thought to spare for the question whether it is desirable that the revenues of an educational society should be spent in maintaining its most distinguished members far away from the scene of the society’s proper labours. When those who give and those who hold Fellowships are alike forgetful of the end for which they were originally instituted, it is only natural that men who are shut out from standing for them on the ground of nonconformity should resent their exclusion as unjust. If a Fellowship simply means an annual money allowance tenable for life, and capable of being combined with any or no occupation whatever, why, it may be pertinently asked, should a religious test be maintained?

Lord Carnarvon’s suggestion has the merit of explicitly dealing with this singular anomaly. He recognises first of all that Fellowships ought in every ordinary instance to involve academical residence and academical work. If this idea were generally entertained, much of the confusion which now surrounds the subject would disappear. People would come by degrees to see that the main thing to be decided is, what are the qualifications which will best enable a Fellow of a College to discharge a Fellow’s duties? Lord Carnarvon further distinguishes between different classes of duties,

It is desirable that all holders of Fellowships should be either students or teachers, but it is neither necessary nor desirable that they should all be teachers. For the work of a student, including under that term all such Professorships as are maintained for scientific rather than educational ends, the fact that a man is a member of this or that communion can be no possible recommendation. But for the teacher—understanding by that term, not the lecturer on a particular science whose intercourse with his pupils begins and ends with the lecture-room, but the half-parental, half-fraternal relationship which in the quasi-family life of a College grows up between a good tutor and a willing pupil—it may be a very great recommendation. If all Fellows were bound to reside, the whole number would certainly not be required to act as College tutors, and consequently there would be no necessity to demand from the whole number the profession of any particular creed. Lord Carnarvon suggests that about half the existing Fellowships might be detached from the Colleges and held as University Fellowships by men of any or of no religion. The remainder, or that percentage of the whole number which are wanted for the work of the Colleges, he would have held on the same tests as at present. All the Fellowships which could properly be viewed as prizes would thus be open without restriction to every member of the University. None would be confined to members of the Church of England which did not carry with them duties which can only be adequately performed by members of the Church of England.

What chances this suggestion has of being accepted by those in whose interest it is made we will not presume to say. But it seems to us to contain the germ of a possible compromise, supposing it to be honestly worked out by the Conservatives of the two Universities. If the latter have any wish to stay the further progress of a Bill identical with, if not more decided than, that just rejected by the Lords, they will do well to bear two things in mind. The first is that, if they want to effect a compromise upon this question, they must be at the trouble of framing one for themselves. The Liberal party in the House of Commons may conceivably accept such a proposal, but they certainly will not initiate it. Nor is the passage of the Bill through Committee a good opportunity for calling their attention to it for the first time. If the Colleges are prepared by the beginning of next Session to move in the matter, they had better do so by introducing a Bill of their own. If such a Bill be really in the nature of a compromise—if, that is, it gives as well as takes—and if, above all, it is animated by a pervading desire to save the principle of religious education at whatever sacrifice of endowments, it is possible that it may meet with more approval than at this moment seems likely. The second thing to be borne in mind is the extent to which the principle for which the opponents of the Bill contend is practically surrendered under the present state of things. It is not a pleasant subject, and we do not wish to dwell upon it unnecessarily. But the essential immorality of the test system, at least at Oxford, cannot be left out of sight in discussing the chances of a compromise. With the Fellowships at every College absolutely close to men who have signed that most minute of theological confessions, the Thirty-nine Articles, there is absolutely no certainty that any one of the Fellows believes or professes any religion at all. We can understand good men wishing to cure this anomaly by some less trenchant process than that suggested by the University Tests Bill, but we cannot feel any sympathy for those who can contentedly spend all their strength in fighting for the anomaly as it is.

#### EARL RUSSELL'S VIEWS OF HISTORY.

IT is simple charity and nothing more to give Earl Russell the benefit of a doubt as to the accuracy of the report of his speech in the House of Lords which appeared in the *Times* of last Tuesday. And charity is in this case borne out by probability. In one place it is plain that the same liberty has been taken with a sentence of Lord Russell's which a King's printer in the seventeenth century took with the seventh commandment. Lord Russell is made to say, "Many years ago no person could be married in this country except according to the forms and ceremonies of the Church of England." Now such was the law within Lord Russell's own memory, and within the memory of men many years younger than Lord Russell. We may be sure then that Lord Russell, instead of "many years ago," said—as, in fact, another paper reports him to have said—"not many years ago." With this specimen before us we are by no means clear how much of the speech belongs to Lord Russell and how much to the reporter. But one or the other of them has been talking in a way which is a good illustration of popular confusions. Which of the two it is we do not undertake to say, and, if we use the name of Lord Russell as the author of the speech, we do so purely *ex hypothesi*, without in any way ruling that the lawful property in the speech as it lies before us may not belong to the *Times* reporter.

We take our first start from the point of the speech in which Lord Russell is represented as denouncing Lord Carnarvon's course in moving the previous question as "an unusual and extraordinary course." It is unusual and extraordinary to move the previous question "in the case of the second reading of a Bill on a subject which has for many years been almost constantly under discussion." Then comes quite suddenly a sentence which begins,

"In the middle ages it was natural perhaps"—we expect that we are going to hear something about the Parliamentary proceedings of the middle ages; "in the middle ages it was natural perhaps" to move the previous question in the case of Bills of this kind, but since the Glorious Revolution of 1688 such a course has become unusual and extraordinary. But no, nothing of the kind; we are left quite in the dark as to the natural occasion for moving the previous question in the middle ages; we get instead a discussion on what was natural for the Roman Catholic Church in the middle ages, a subject which certainly seems to have no obvious connexion with the other:—

In the middle ages it was natural perhaps that the Roman Catholic Church should encroach on territory which did not properly belong to it, and at the Reformation it was not unnatural that those who succeeded to the power of that Church should in a similar way encroach on the rights of the civil power.

Now if by the Roman Catholic Church we are to understand the local Church of Rome, certainly no State or corporation of any kind was more in the habit of encroaching on territory that did not properly belong to it. To say nothing of Sicily and Bologna and Parma, and crowds of other Italian cities and duchies, how many times in the course of the debates of this Session have we heard how Pope Hadrian the Fourth encroached on territory which did not properly belong to him, when he sent forth a terrible thundering Bull to disturb the pure and primitive Protestant Church of Ireland? But we conceive that this cannot be the meaning of Lord Russell or of the reporter, for it appears that these encroachments of the Roman Catholic Church, and of those who succeeded to the powers of that Church, had something to do with the internal legislation of England. The speech goes on—"Many years ago"—that is, according to the conjectural emendation which we have hazarded, "not many years ago"—

No person could be married in this country except in accordance with the forms and ceremonies of the Church of England, and parents could not register the births of their children unless they had them baptized. Those restrictions were usurpations of the rights of the civil power, and as such they have been removed. Marriages can now be solemnized both in the places of worship of different denominations and by registrars, while registers of births are no longer confined to children who are taken to church to be baptized. Now, the present restrictions with regard to the Universities appear to me to be likewise an interference with the civil rights of the nation, for every subject of Her Majesty ought to have the right of the benefits of those institutions.

We are thus driven to guess that by the Roman Catholic Church is meant some persons or other who lived in England before the Reformation, and this of course starts us again on our old chronological problem. Lord Russell is more wary than some people, and does not commit himself to a year, hardly to a reign, as the date of "the Reformation." We can at least congratulate him on not believing, with the Duke of Rutland, that the Reformation happened in the exact year 1371. Lord Russell very prudently leaves it open whether the last years of Henry the Eighth were before the Reformation or after it. In another part of his speech he says "that about twelve of the Colleges at Oxford were founded before the Reformation." That "about" is very wary. It leaves it an open question whether the special foundation of King Henry himself was founded before the Reformation or not. But, whenever the Reformation happened, it is plain that, according to Lord Russell, some persons did succeed to the power of the Roman Catholic Church, and that those persons forthwith began to use that power to encroach on the civil power. This is very mysterious indeed. So far as the Roman Catholic Church can be said to have existed in England, and so far as any persons can be said to have succeeded to its power, those persons surely were King Henry himself, his Blessed son, and his Bloody daughter, each of them in turn, what nobody else has been since, Supreme Head of the Church of England. The puzzle is, how those potentates, blessed or otherwise, who surely were each in his or her day themselves the civil power, can be said to have encroached on the rights of the civil power.

Our only other guess is, that by the Roman Catholic Church is meant the Church of England up to the time at which about twelve of the Colleges at Oxford had been founded, and that by those who succeeded to its power is meant the Church of England since that doubtful point of time. We may conceive that by those who succeeded to the power of the Roman Catholic Church may be specially meant the bishops and other persons, clerical and lay, who have exercised ecclesiastical jurisdiction since this yet unfixed date. These persons, whoever they are, seem to be charged by Lord Russell with encroaching on the rights of the civil power. They are likely enough to have sometimes done so, as a *mandamus* from the Court of King's Bench has sometimes been found needful to keep them within the proper bounds of their own jurisdiction. But neither is this what is meant by Lord Russell or his reporter, for we are directly afterwards told what these encroachments on the rights of the civil power were. One case of these encroachments was that no person could be married in this country except in accordance with the forms and ceremonies of the Church of England. Another was that parents could not register the births of their children unless they had them baptized. "These restrictions," we are expressly told, "were usurpations of the rights of the civil power." This is most mysterious of all. Far be it from us to defend these restrictions, but who laid them on? Surely not the Pope or the Bishops or the Dean of the Arches, but the King and the Three Estates. Whatever the restrictions were, it was the civil power that laid



them on, and yet, according to Lord Russell or the reporter, the restrictions were usurpations of the rights of the civil power. We thus get to a very odd state of things—one in which the civil power is guilty of usurpations of its own rights. Does such a case come under the rule of "volenti non fit injuria," so that the usurpation would be practically no usurpation? Or are we to think that the civil power "many years ago," or "not many years ago," was in the dangerous state of a house divided against itself? Presently we are told that the existing restrictions with regard to the Universities appear to Lord Russell to be likewise "an interference with the civil rights of the nation." The reason given is that "every subject of Her Majesty ought to have the right of the benefits of these institutions." Here we get to something a little more like a meaning. Instead of "encroaching on the rights of the civil power," we now hear of an "interference with the civil rights of the nation." But these are two very different things. A bad and oppressive Act of Parliament may, with a little latitude of language, be called an interference with the civil rights of the nation. But the worst possible Act of Parliament cannot be called an encroachment on the rights of the civil power, because, being an Act of Parliament, it is an act of the civil power, and the civil power cannot be said to encroach upon its own rights.

In all this strange confusion we really suspect that the reporter has a share as well as the speaker. We can hardly say as much for some other parts of the speech. It is wearisome, indeed, to hear for the ten thousandth time all the old rignarole about foundations before the Reformation and foundations after the Reformation, as if the Church of England, before some time which nobody can fix, was a different body from the Church of England after that most uncertain date. Lord Russell tells us, speaking of the twelve Colleges or thereabouts founded before "the Reformation,"

That they were intended to be Church of England institutions cannot be maintained, for many of the colleges were founded before the Reformation, and the rules which their founders laid down are totally inconsistent with those which are now observed, while the doctrines now taught are such as the founders would have entirely disapproved.

If Lord Russell knows what a founder of the thirteenth, fourteenth, or fifteenth century would have done, what he would have approved and disapproved, if he had lived in the middle of the sixteenth century, he must be endowed with a gift of looking into the hearts of men who have been long ago dead, to which we cannot at all pretend. We do not know whether Wykeham and Chicheley and Waynflete would have acted in a different way from that in which Cranmer and Gardiner and Bonner and Thirlby really did act. We suspect that the Vicar of Bray, if he had had the chance of appearing in mediæval times, would have appeared in mediæval times. But the whole question is nothing to the purpose. The Colleges, whether founded before or after this still undiscovered date in the sixteenth century, were undoubtedly intended to be Church of England institutions, and talk about "before the Reformation" and "after the Reformation" is talk which has nothing to do with the matter. The Colleges began as exclusively Church of England institutions, because, under the circumstances of the times when all—unless we are to except Worcester and Downing—were founded, they could not help being exclusively Church of England institutions. But this does not at all prove that they need for ever remain exclusively Church of England institutions, if the wisdom of Parliament thinks fit to make them otherwise. It is really the strangest thing in the world that people cannot practically understand that Parliament has not lost that power of doing whatever it pleases which it has possessed and exercised at all earlier times, and that, this power existing, we need only debate the inherent justice and expediency of any measure without troubling ourselves with the ecclesiastical disputes of the days of Henry, Edward, Mary, and Elizabeth.

This sort of talk, strangely common as it is, illustrates the manner in which people so often do, in a kind of way, know things, and yet do not, even intellectually, act upon their knowledge. It is impossible that Lord Russell, it is not likely that even the *Times* reporter, really believes that one Church was pulled down and another Church set up in the middle of the sixteenth century. They must know that the existing Church of England is, legally and historically, the same body of which Magna Charta said "Ecclesia Anglicana libera sit." They must know that throughout those years of change the vast mass of the people of England went on praying in the same churches and receiving the rites of religion at the hands of the same ministers. Some, no doubt, thought at any given moment that change had gone too far; others thought that change had not gone far enough; but with wonderfully few exceptions the whole nation, clergy and laity, conformed to the law as it stood at that given moment. A few very scrupulous persons on one side were burned; a few very scrupulous persons on the other side were embowelled; but the vast majority of this Church and nation went to and fro as it was bidden by Act of Parliament. There was no time when the existing ecclesiastical revenues were taken from one set of people and given to another. The thing never happened. Everybody who is not grossly ignorant knows that it never happened, and yet nine people out of ten think and talk as if it had happened. This confusion of thought, this muddle-headed way of looking at things, is as common as it is queer, but Lord Russell at least should be above it.

#### THE CATTLE PLAGUE BILL.

A LONG controversy has been terminated in the House of Commons by the passing through Committee of the Bill which consolidates, amends, and makes perpetual the Acts for preventing the introduction of contagious diseases among cattle. The principal discussion which occurred in the Committee turned upon the question whether the duty of the Privy Council as to cattle coming from foreign countries should be prescribed by the Bill, or whether the Privy Council should be allowed to exercise discretion. It was urged that strict regulation of the foreign trade was essential for the protection of the tenant-farmers of the United Kingdom, to whom an outbreak of cattle plague would be ruinous. It was contended that the traffic in dead meat had increased so largely in this country that no hardship could be caused by the compulsory slaughter of foreign cattle at the ports of debarkation. On the other hand, it was said that the proposed restrictions would destroy the foreign trade, and, by diminishing supplies, still further enhance the price of meat. By the Bill, as settled in Committee, the Privy Council may from time to time, by order, in relation to foreign animals generally, or to foreign animals brought from any specified country or place, prohibit the landing thereof either generally, or in any specified port, or elsewhere than in some specified port or ports. And further, the Privy Council may from time to time, by order, apply to the landing, either generally, or with specified exceptions, or in some specified port, of foreign animals generally, or of foreign animals brought from any specified country or place, certain regulations contained in a schedule to the Bill, and these alterations may be varied from time to time. It was admitted by the Government that the agricultural classes entertained a natural fear of the recurrence of a frightful plague, while the consumer was opposed in his own interest to the introduction of any restrictions on the trade which were not absolutely necessary. In the first two quarters of this year, 71,794 head of cattle had been imported into this country as against 48,944 during the similar period of last year; while the number of sheep imported had risen from 186,334 to 415,239. That large increase had chiefly arisen since the relaxation of the Privy Council's order in the month of February last. Thus it appeared that two interests of great importance had to be taken into account in dealing with this question, and the restrictions imposed ought to be no greater than were demanded by the necessities of the case. There are only three ways of dealing with the importation of foreign cattle. They may be allowed to come into the country without any restriction whatever, but that is a course which nobody ventures to recommend. Again, a rule may be laid down absolutely prohibiting the importation of any foreign cattle without being slaughtered at the ports of arrival. But even the representatives of the agricultural interest in the House did not propose this extreme measure. It only remains, therefore, to place the regulation of foreign importations more or less in the discretion of the Government. The proposal embodied in the Bill was that it should be the duty of the Government, on their own responsibility, if they had reason to believe that the cattle plague existed in any country, to stop the importation from that country altogether; and further, if they thought that there would be any danger in cattle coming in and being allowed a free transit in this country, it should be open to them to prohibit such free transit, and to oblige these cattle to be slaughtered at the port of entry. It was strongly urged that the only prudent course would be to allow large discretion to the Government, and hold them responsible for the use of it. The plan of the Government is to admit cattle free from all restrictions from countries possessing a clean bill of health; to exercise their own vigilance as to cattle coming from suspected countries; and to prohibit importation from countries where, in their opinion, disease exists. It is satisfactory to learn that the means possessed by the Privy Council of obtaining information as to the sanitary state of foreign cattle are considered to be very good.

Another portion of the Bill is intended to carry into effect an agreement which has been entered into between the Government and the Corporation of the City of London, under which that body has undertaken to provide a foreign cattle market. It is enacted that if the Corporation do not before January 1, 1872, prepare and open for public use a market for the purposes of the Bill, to the satisfaction of the Privy Council, they shall cease to be the local authority of the metropolis under the Bill, and a market for the purposes of the Bill may be established by the local authority that may succeed them, which, as we understand, would be the Metropolitan Board of Works.

An attempt is made by the Bill to mitigate the suffering which is undergone by cattle travelling by railway. It is required that every Railway Company shall make provision, to the satisfaction of the Privy Council, for the supply of water and food to animals carried by the Company. The supply is to be forthcoming on the request of the consignor of any animal carried, or of the person in charge of it, at such stations as the Privy Council may direct; and if such request is not made, so that the animal remains without a supply of water for thirty consecutive hours, the consignor and the person in charge of the animal shall be deemed guilty of an offence against the Act. If this Bill is passed as it now stands, the words "remain without a supply of water" will doubtless be construed in criminal Courts with due regard to the indispensable maxim that one man may take a beast to water, but two cannot make it drink. The Bill requires both water and food

to be provided, but only the non-supply of water is made penal. Mr. Forster states, as the result of his inquiry, that cattle can travel without suffering from the deprivation of food and water longer than has been generally supposed; but it is suggested, on the other hand, that cattle suffer so much in travelling that they would probably refuse food and water if offered to them during the journey. However, the clause is likely to become law, and the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals may be trusted to enforce it as far as possible. It was admitted during the discussion that the privations of cattle on board some lines of steamers were much greater than on railways, and a clause is to be introduced into the Bill giving power to the Privy Council to make provision for the case of steamers.

It has been frequently contended that the cattle plague was a national calamity, and that compensation for slaughtered animals ought to be contributed by the country at large, and not by particular localities. It has been proposed that a system of insurance should be adopted for raising money for compensation, or, failing this, that recourse should be had to a charge on the whole country. The total amount of compensation payable up to the present time is stated to be 800,000*l.*, and one third of this sum falls upon the single county of Chester. A further grievance is that boroughs which have not separate Courts of Quarter Sessions were made by the previous Acts liable to contribute in respect of the counties in which they are locally situate, although these boroughs were almost exclusively consumers and not producers of meat, cheese, and butter. It was answered on the part of Government, that it was true that the expenses caused by the cattle plague had not been paid according to principles of perfect equality, but the same might be said of any other tax. With regard to Cheshire, everybody must regret to hear how much the farmers of that county suffered by the cattle plague; but that was a matter of the past, which could not affect a Bill which designed to make provision for the future. It is gratifying to learn that where pounds were required to pay compensation in the past, it is hoped that pence will be sufficient in the future. The proposal for a system of insurance by levying a tax of 1*s.* per head of cattle is objected to by the Government because the amount thus raised would be much larger than is likely to be required. The proposal for a general rate is answered by the familiar argument that where there is local management there must be local taxation as the only check upon profuse expenditure. Mr. Henley supported the Government by urging that if the principle of a national rate were adopted for this purpose, it must apply also to the relief of the poor and several other matters; and this argument prevailed. The Bill provides that the expenditure of a local authority in compensation for animals slaughtered shall be defrayed out of the local rate, which means, generally speaking, the county or borough rate. But when the expenditure of a local authority for a year exceeds ninepence in the pound on the rateable value of the property in the district, the principle of a rate in aid is to be applied. This rate in aid will be imposed by the Poor-Law Board on the adjoining districts. Thus a county which suffers heavily by cattle plague will be helped to bear the burden by the counties which adjoin it, and by the boroughs which are situate within it. A borough which suffers heavily will be helped by the county or counties which surround it.

This Bill passed through Committee amid general expressions of satisfaction at the near approach to completion of a laborious but necessary task. If we look to the debate which arose on the second reading of the Bill, we shall see that the differences of opinion which then appeared have been considerably mitigated by common sense and mutual concession in the proceedings of the Committee. It appears, from statistics quoted in the House, that the foreign supply of meat was in 1867 less than five per cent. of the total consumption of the United Kingdom. It follows that any outbreak of disease will soon destroy far more of home-bred cattle than can be supplied from abroad. But, on the other hand, the foreign supply tends constantly to increase, and it would never do to attempt to limit the supplies that come to the markets of our towns for the supposed benefit of the country. Legislation in that spirit might easily produce results more disastrous even than the cattle plague. It is to be hoped that the powers given to the Privy Council by this Bill will be found as effectual as is promised for preventing future outbreaks of this desolating disease.

#### THE ITALIAN OPERA.

BETWEEN the revival of *La Gazza Ladra* and the production of the eagerly looked for *Hamlet* nothing worthy of note occurred. Fresh performances of *Il Trovatore*, the *Huguenots*—with Madlle. Sinico, *vice* Madlle. Ilma di Murska, as the Queen, Signor Tagliafico, *vice* Mr. Santley, as St. Bris, and a minor alteration or two (no improvements in any case)—the irrepressible *Faust*, and the happily perennial *Barbiere*, may surely pass without comment, if although not without a protest that the subscribers have been compelled to listen to these masterpieces somewhat oftener of late than was in all probability welcome to the large majority.

At length came *Hamlet*, which might be almost dismissed in a sentence—as a new triumph for Madlle. Christine Nilsson, and a new sign of the rapid progress Mr. Santley is making as an actor. Not a few of our contemporaries, however, were sufficiently industrious to write long and elaborate notices of this singularly

pretentious and for the greater part as singularly feeble opera—an opera in which a Frenchman, possessing a certain amount of musical capacity, has chiefly been able to show how superficially he understands, and yet how eager is his desire to follow in the footsteps of, that subtle though hopelessly mistaken preacher, Herr Richard Wagner. True, in several instances their articles were ushered in by lengthy preambles about the deprecation of Shakspeare, about the profanity of MM. Barbier and Carré in meddling with one of the sublimest inspirations of the greatest of all poets (whom, as an Englishman, it was impossible for Frenchmen to comprehend), and about the absurdity of a French composer endeavouring to set even the faintest reflex of the Shakspearian text to appropriate music. And yet, after all, the superior difficulty of manipulating *Hamlet* borne in mind, MM. Barbier and Carré have done their work quite as skilfully as when engaged in a similar task for M. Gounod, whose *Romeo et Juliette* is almost as weak an example of the Wagnerian precepts as *Hamlet* itself—with the proviso that *bona fide* French tunes are less plentiful in the latter than in the former, which may be accounted for by the fact that M. Gounod is a reader if not a more novel manufacturer of rhythmical melody than M. Thomas. That MM. Barbier and Carré prepared their “libretto” by the aid of a French translation is as easy to see as it is easy to believe that M. Thomas has never read the *Hamlet* of Shakspeare. At the same time, they may cite precedents without number, among the most illustrious being certain operas by Gluck, the books of which were compiled, not from the originals, but from translations, or imitations, of the tragedies of Euripides. Just as the *Medea* of Euripides was afterwards diluted for Cherubini, the *Edipus* of Sophocles had been similarly treated on behalf of Sacchini, whose countryman, Piccini, like many other Italians on various occasions, found materials second-hand in the classics, ancient and modern. How Allieri has been ransacked by Italian composers it is unnecessary to say; nor how many metamorphoses Shakspeare has undergone for the convenience of Italian, German, and French musicians, from the time of Zingarelli’s adaptation of *Romeo and Juliet* down to that of M. Gounod’s recent version of the same tragedy. The question lies in a nutshell. If it is lawful to draw upon the classic masterpieces, MM. Barbier and Carré committed no unpardonable sin in making an opera-book out of *Hamlet*—M. Thomas having already, in *Mignon*, laid hands upon Goethe’s *Wilhelm Meister*, and with more questionable taste set to music a miserable hash from Shakspeare, under the title of *Un Songe d’une Nuit d’Été*, in which Elizabeth, his Queen and patron, Sir John Falstaff, his creation, and the immortal bard himself, figure in the most grotesque manner among the *dramatis personæ*. In *Hamlet*, at least, the authors have endeavoured to fashion their plan in such a manner as to give the main situations in tolerably faithful succession. Thus we have seven *tableaux*. In the first, Claudius crowns Gertrude; in the second, the meeting takes place between Hamlet and his father’s spirit; in the third, we have the interview during which Hamlet’s feigned indifference rouses the suspicions of the King and Queen, and confirms the despair of Ophelia; in the fourth, the players and the play; in the fifth, the scene between Hamlet and his mother, the comparison of the portraits of father and uncle, and the final interposition of the Ghost; in the sixth, the madness and death of Ophelia; and in the seventh, the cemetery, with the defiance of Laertes over the grave, followed by the death of the King at the hands of Hamlet, who, in agreement with a French version by Dumas the elder and his accomplice, Paul Meurice, is declared King of Denmark—the Queen, Laertes, and Polonius all surviving, the first to expiate her sins by penitence, the others to become courtiers in the new court. The most pointed departures from the English tragedy—of which we need scarcely add how little more than a skeleton is offered—are, first, in the fact that in consequence of Hamlet’s not killing Polonius we are afforded no sufficient explanation of Ophelia’s subsequent conduct; and secondly, that the scene of Ophelia’s death, which in the tragedy is described by the Queen in the well-known passage,

There is a willow grows aslant a brook  
That shows his hoar leaves in the glassy stream, &c.

is in the opera visibly presented; so that the success of *Hamlet*, here, no less than at Paris and elsewhere, depends exclusively upon a scene not to be met with in the original play. Hamlet, moreover, suspects Polonius of having been an accomplice in the crime upon which the entire plot is made to hang; and with this his strange and cruel behaviour to Ophelia is connected by innuendo, a modification that, while derogating from the nobility of the Prince of Denmark, transforms—as a contemporary has observed—“an instance of sublime self-denial into commonplace resentment against an innocent person.” But enough has been said of the libretto. Let us briefly consider the music.

In those more serious parts of the opera, which it might have been expected would inspire the musician with the loftiest ideas, Mr. Thomas fails to impress us with a sense of his power. Thus the interview with the Ghost (Scene II.) results at the best in a *caput mortuum*; while the still more interesting scene between Hamlet and Gertrude, a flash here and there excepted, is almost equally destitute of high musical interest. The idea of making the Ghost deliver all his ponderous sentences in monotone was good enough; but it is carried out in so strained and artificial a manner, that it produces no such solemn effect as might have been anticipated. In short, music without plan is no music at all; and if music is to be the accepted medium of expression, it must be as

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consistent in its method of expression as any other art. Great stress has been laid upon the extraordinary excellence of the orchestration in these particular parts of the opera, and the no less extraordinary variety of figures in the accompaniments; but independently of the fact that we are unable to see the remarkable merit of M. Thomas' orchestration, which seems to us, as a rule, cumbrous and patchy, the mere device of giving to each division of a scene a certain instrumental figure to characterize it, amounts to nothing unless that figure is fully developed, and each section thereby made to form an organic whole—as, for example, in the first *finale* of Mozart's *Nozze di Figaro*, which, besides being amply developed with every division, is infinitely more faithful to the dramatic situations than anything to be cited in *Hamlet*. We say it regretfully with reference to a work so much vaunted by certain authorities; but truth and respect for genuine art alike compel us to insist that wherever in *Hamlet* the composer has attempted to soar, he is lost in what Herr Wagner, speaking about the later music of Robert Schumann, quaintly and not inaptly terms a "bombastic flatness." How unlike the real masters, who could rise with the situation, and the higher the calls upon them the more readily were inspired! M. Thomas labours hard to seem profound, but does not succeed. In the lighter portions of his work we find him the Thomas of old, the Thomas of the *Double Echelle*, the *Caid*, the *Songe d'une Nuit d'Été*, &c.—no deeper than some mountain-streams in August, but with a kind of sheen and sparkle that attract attention. Some severe critics, in extenuation of his other shortcomings, will have it that M. Thomas has treated the character of Ophelia with an unmistakably poetical grasp and completeness. We cannot join in this opinion. On the contrary, we are forced to speculate (with sorrow that it can never be put to the proof) upon what Mendelssohn would have done with the same character—upon what an ethereal grace and tenderness he would have thrown around it! The phrase in which Hamlet declares the inviolability of his love, "Nega se vuoi la luce" (a free parody of "Doubt thou the stars are fire," &c.) and which Ophelia recalls just before she involuntarily drowns herself, might have been imagined by almost any French composer possessed of more or less sentiment. Her first and, indeed, only soliloquy—where, by the tones of her voice, employed in reading aloud an ancient legend, Ophelia vainly strives to lure her "tassel-gentle back again"—begins with a melody both quaint and charming, but no more apparently the composition of M. Ambroise Thomas than the Swedish air, the gem of that scene which is also the gem of the opera. Had M. Thomas written this last-named scene, and nothing else—always providing that he met with a Christine Nilsson to interpret it—his name would have been bruited as the composer of one of the most picturesque and admirable lyric passages in existence. Nothing can be more catching in its way than the opening tune, in waltz measure; and this is so well contrasted with the plaintive Swedish melody, "Bianca e bionda," when the distraught maiden addresses the invisible Siren—the interpolation of which was no less happy than that of the "Last Rose of Summer" in M. Flotow's *Martha*—as to afford the composer opportunities for unaccustomed variety of effect. M. Thomas, it must be admitted, has made excellent use of the chance thus afforded him; and though his harmonization of the Swedish air is not original, but chiefly borrowed from a part-song familiar to collectors of national melodies, his conduct of the entire scene is masterly. Both the fitful gaiety and deep melancholy of Ophelia find apt means for musical utterance; and the whole hangs so well together that it is scarcely possible to find fault with any part of it. The termination, when Ophelia is borne, unconsciously, down the stream, uttering wild snatches of tune, while the plaintive Swedish melody is breathed with shut lips, behind the scenes, by the chorus, supposed to represent the sirens who draw the hapless maiden to her fate, is in every sense exquisite. In this scene, we repeat, lies the secret of the success of an opera which, however spectacular splendour may have held it up for a season or two in Paris, would never—for reasons we are not called upon to state again—have had a chance of taking hold of the London public. And once more, let us insist, that it owes the greater part of the impression it has created, abroad no less than at home, to the inimitable performance of Madlle. Nilsson. So ideal an Ophelia has probably not been seen till now upon the stage. It is almost impossible to dream of anything more irresistibly fascinating than the appearance, and general deportment, more absolutely perfect than the vocal execution, of this accomplished lady—as a singer another Jenny Lind, as an actress something beyond anything that Jenny Lind, in the height of her popularity, attained. With this striking *tableau*—the 6th of MM. Barbier and Carré—the Italian version of *Hamlet* at the Royal Italian Opera now closes; and we can cheerfully dispense with the remainder, which, after it, would have had little interest, which was presented in a greatly abridged form on the first occasion, and which has been wholly superseded since.

Mr. Santley deserves almost as much credit for his impersonation of Hamlet as Madlle. Nilsson for hers of Ophelia. A more uphill, ungrateful part was never perhaps undertaken by a dramatic singer. Even the "Bacchanalian" with which Hamlet enlivens the players (instead of edifying them with the well-known piece of advice) is but a heavy piece of work—such a piece of work as would not have greatly shone in one of those comic operas which are the more natural and congenial element of M. Thomas. Mr. Santley, however, sings it to perfection, as, indeed, he does all the music set down for him, while his histrionic conception and

realization of the character (as MM. Barbier and Carré have moulded it) have advanced him still another step in public estimation. The other parts are less well sustained. Gertrude, the Queen, which was at first assigned to Madlle. Tietjens, who declined it for reasons only known to herself, is ill-suited to Madlle. Sinico; Signor Baggiolo is the heaviest of bad kings; and the spectre of the good king could hardly have found a more unsuitable representative than Signor Ciampi. Of the rest we need not speak. Though, as we are inclined to believe, prepared somewhat hastily, the opera is well put upon the stage; and Signor Arditi (happily), the conductor, deserves warm praise for the admirable execution of the choral and orchestral music, which he was mainly instrumental in obtaining, and which is said to have astonished M. Thomas himself, accustomed in Paris to rehearsals without stint, as much as the first performances of *L'Étoile du Nord* and *Dinorah*, after two full rehearsals, under Sir Michael Costa, astonished the late Meyerbeer. That *Hamlet* is a success may be assumed from the many times it has been played; but in the absence of Madlle. Nilsson we very much doubt whether it would have outlived a couple of trials—in London at any rate.

The revival of Meyerbeer's *Dinorah*, which (with the intervention of more "Lucias," "Barbieres," "Fausts," &c.) followed the production of *Hamlet*, was interesting, inasmuch as *Dinorah*, Corentino, and Hoel were represented by Madame Adelina Patti, Signor Gardoni and Mr. Santley. Madame Patti, as far back as 1862, proved herself the best *Dinorah* that either the French or Italian stage had hitherto witnessed; and the interval having matured her then remarkable promise into something as near perfection as can well be imagined, it is superfluous to say that she has not gone back. Signor Gardoni was the first Corentino at Covent Garden, when the Italian version of *Le Pardon de Ploërmel* was produced (with Madame Miolan-Carvalho and Signor Graziani), under Meyerbeer's immediate supervision (1859); and in the part of Hoel Mr. Santley made his *début* as a dramatic singer, during the autumn of that year, when Miss Louisa Pyne and the late Mr. W. Harrison gave English Opera at the same theatre. What Mr. Santley's Hoel was and what it is now may best be measured by what Mr. Santley himself was then and what he is now. Ten years with him have worked wonders. An absolute tyro has ripened into a practised artist. Thus we have Meyerbeer's delightful pastoral opera thoroughly well represented in so far as the three chief characters are concerned—as well, indeed, as could be desired. Madlle. Scalchi is not by any means equal to some of her predecessors as the principal Goatherd; but the minor parts are all adequately filled, and the delicately-woven orchestral accompaniments, under Signor Arditi's direction, are faultlessly played. This, with the *mise en scène*, always so effective at Covent Garden, may readily explain why the three performances of *Dinorah*, late as they came, were among the most effective and welcome of the season. As Maria, in *La Figlia del Reggimento* (after more "Hamlets," "Lucias," "Don Giovanni," and "Fausts"), Madame Patti renewed her triumph of last year. We need not recur to her sprightly and admirable impersonation of the Vivandière, which preserves all its old charm; and we can only regret that such a Maria is not surrounded by worthy companions than those to whom the other characters are allotted. Nevertheless, "Ciascun lo dice," the "Rataplan," and the Lesson scene produce the same effect as ever; and the lively music of Donizetti's prettiest, perhaps best, French opera, is heard with the same hearty enjoyment.

We have had no *Étoile du Nord* and no *Otello*—which does not say much for the faith of a coalition management; but we have had two performances of the *Prophète*, in which Madlle. Tietjens, for the first time, essayed the character of Fides. Let us hope that it may also be the last; for, wonderfully clever and versatile as this lady is, she cannot afford to imperil her magnificent voice, which she unquestionably does in forcing it to labour so ungratefully. At the first representation of the *Prophète* Signor Mongini played Jean of Leyden, at the second (the other night) Signor Tauberlik. The part is not at all suited to Signor Mongini, but it is one of those in which the public have long been accustomed to hear and applaud Signor Tauberlik, to whom (as also to Signor Mongini) it would have been juster to assign it exclusively. Signor Mongini has done excellent service this season, and his many admirers would have much preferred seeing him take his leave in one of those characters to which he is indebted for his fairly earned renown. On both occasions the always efficient Madlle. Sinico—who only lacks that indefinable something to make her more than she is in the absence of which she must be content to remain a first-class " *comprimaria* "—played Bertha. In general respects these performances of Meyerbeer's great work were the most unsatisfactory remembered at Covent Garden.

We can merely state that in *Rigoletto*—which had been already given (with Madlle. Vanzini) this season—Madame Adelina Patti added one more to her successes, and proved herself the best singing Gilda since Madame Bosio, and incomparably the best acting Gilda we have seen. Of Mr. Santley's *Rigoletto* we spoke in eulogistic terms last year, when he first essayed the character, at Her Majesty's Opera, Drury Lane. If possible, it has improved. Signor Foli sings the part of Sparafucile well enough, but scarcely imparts to it the dramatic significance to which Signor Tagliafico for so many years accustomed us. Nor is Madlle. Scalchi nearly so good a Maddalena as we have known. Signor Tauberlik's Duke of Mantua is the nearest to Signor Mario's we can recall; though upon his voice, as upon that of his distinguished compatriot, years have begun to tell. Nevertheless, style, phrasing, and a

pure method of declamation such as are now rare upon the Italian stage, remain to both, and in a great measure compensate for physical shortcomings.

With a miscellaneous performance (last night) consisting of acts from *Martha*, *Faust*, and *Hamlet*, in all of which Madlle. Nilsson was to appear, and the *Barbiere*, with Madame Patti as Rosina (this evening), the season terminates. It is the first "coalition-season," and very many lovers of the Opera devoutly pray it may be the last. That in a financial sense the joint-directors have been more than ordinarily successful is likely; but the subscribers and the public generally are by no means satisfied. Only two novelties (one of them—*Don Bucefalo*—contemptible) have been produced; the revivals were few and far between; and the execution of the great spectacular operas has for the most part been extremely mediocre. The system of two conductors—one good, the other bad—proved an entire failure, as might have been expected. In short, the season will be chiefly remembered as one in which two young "prime donne" of exceptional ability—Madame Adelina Patti and Madlle. Christine Nilsson—were pitted against each other, so as to create a spirit of partisanship beneficial to neither. As advocates of the public interests, rather than of the interests of speculators, we feel bound to speak thus openly; and if the report of a formidable opposition, announced but recently by an evening contemporary, prove well founded, we can only add that we shall be very glad to know it. There is plenty of room for two opera-houses in this world of a city.

#### MADLE. SCHNEIDER.

IS it possible that the success of the Opera of *Barbe Bleue* really depends upon the naughty tricks of Mademoiselle Schneider? The story has been familiar to us all from childhood, and no particular ingenuity has been shown in adapting it to the composer's purpose. There does appear at the outset to be going to be some extravagant fun, but the expectation is disappointed. Boulotte, the part played by Mademoiselle Schneider, is a rude country girl, who "squares up" at a rustic lover on his declining her advances. She is afterwards selected by Blue Beard for his sixth wife, and one anticipates that any proposal that may be made to her to follow in the footsteps of her five predecessors will be answered by the French equivalent, whatever it may be, of "not if I know it." But Boulotte owes her safety, not to her own resolution, but to the pity of the confidential officer of Blue Beard, and one cannot help feeling that she has fallen short of fulfilling the boast she made,

Jamais, manant ou grand seigneur,  
Jamais homme ne m'a fait peur.

It may be with the view to a contrast with the coming improprieties of Boulotte that another girl, Fleurette, begins the opera with a propriety which no young lady among the audience could surpass. Indeed we are bound to give authors and manager the credit of intending to exhibit in the piece examples both for imitation and avoidance. The shepherd Saphir awakens the shepherdess Fleurette in the proper poetic fashion, by playing on his flute. The flute gives forth the sound of a trombone. This incident is perhaps considered to be funny, but, as there is no pretence of any magical or supernatural agency in the piece, such a device for making fun ought to be condemned. Fleurette appears, and a very pretty and lively duet follows on the subject of love:—

Ici-bas  
Il n'est pas  
D'autre bonheur dans la vie.

Fleurette not only plays her own part well, but she plays also, and equally well, the part which in polite society would be undertaken by Fleurette's mamma. All this, says she, is very nice. We stroll in the gardens, and we sing; "mais il ne serait pas mal de causer un peu." This, as we all know, is the first process of inviting a declaration of intention. Saphir is inconveniently slow to take a hint, but nevertheless he is induced to approach the grand question, when both lovers are equally alarmed at hearing outside the voice of Boulotte calling to her dogs. Fleurette runs into her cottage, and Saphir attempts to follow her. Fleurette is equal to the emergency. "Rentrez chez vous," says she, "mais nous reprendrons cette conversation." We feel that a young lady who has observed this example, and will profit by it, cannot be greatly injured even by witnessing the expected entrance of that improper person Boulotte, who begins by throwing a stone through Saphir's window, and, having thus prevailed upon him to come forth, makes violent love to him on the spot, and, on his failing to reciprocate her advances, tucks up her sleeves, and threatens womanly but not feeble blows at his countenance. The much afflicted Saphir, who has thus been invited to approach the grand question twice in a single morning, runs from the stage, and Boulotte pursues, leaving the ground clear for two grave personages—Count Oscar, Chief Courtier of His Majesty King Bobèche, and Popolani, Head Alchymist to Blue Beard. We gather from their conversation that the Count has come into the neighbourhood in search of the lost daughter of King Bobèche. Eighteen years ago His Majesty had a daughter. Three years afterwards a son was born to him. He could not endure that his crown should descend to his daughter now that he had a son, and so the Count proposed to him to establish in his kingdom the Salic Law. But the King refused to change the customs of his ancestors, and preferred to get rid of his daughter. Accordingly the

child was put into a basket, and thrown into a river. Time elapsed, and the prince as he grew to manhood took to excesses which impaired his intellect. The King declared that it was impossible to think of confiding to his son the destinies of 120 millions of men. Formerly such a thing might have been done, but now, with the spread of new ideas and the development of the spirit of inquiry, it was impossible. Hereupon the King bethought himself of his daughter who had been thrown into a river, and he commanded the Count to find her within twenty-four hours. The Count did not despair of finding within that short time the King's daughter or a substitute. But before setting out upon his search, he summoned the Administration of Roads and Bridges, and propounded to it this question—"If a cradle is thrown into a river, will it go straight to the sea?" The Administration of Roads and Bridges, after full consideration, answered that that depended upon whether there was a lock upon the river. "Now," says the Count, "there is a lock opposite to Blue Beard's castle, and therefore the cradle must have stopped here, and here the princess must be found." Popolani expresses his admiration of this reasoning, and the Count, gratified by the compliment, observes that by reasoning thus he has attained to the government of mankind. At this moment Saphir rushes in, pursued by Boulotte. He has just time to enter his cottage and shut the door, while Boulotte is addressed by the Count and Popolani, who take her round the waist and say that she is a fine girl. It appears that Blue Beard, with a view to the possibility of finding consolation for the loss of his fifth wife, has ordered Popolani to summon the girls of the village to a contest for the prize of virtue, which is a rose. Popolani considers that it is just as easy for him to find a virtuous girl as for the Count to find a king's daughter, since at worst they can both be imagined if they do not exist. He thinks that the most convenient method of selecting the *rosière* will be by lot. Accordingly the girls are desired to give their names to a registrar, and while they are doing so Boulotte sits down and takes her breakfast, consisting of a huge slice of bread and an apple. It occurs to Boulotte that she may just as well give her name with the others, and she proceeds to do so without regarding the general chorus

Eh! quoi, Boulotte, y penses-tu?  
Il s'agit d'un prix de vertu!

The names are written on slips of paper. A basket to hold them is brought from Fleurette's cottage, and Popolani proclaims that the prize of innocence must be drawn by an innocent hand. Boulotte and other girls offer their hands, but Popolani demands the hand of a child. Hereupon a child is pushed forward by a woman, who bids it try and draw the prize for its mother. The child draws Boulotte's name, and amid the excitement thus created the Count examines the basket which had been fetched from Fleurette's cottage, and recognises with profound emotion the cradle in which the King's daughter was cast into the river, and which, according to the opinion of the Administration of Roads and Bridges, had been arrested on its course towards the sea by a lock opposite Blue Beard's castle. Fleurette is easily proved to be the genuine King's daughter, and she is conducted by the Count to her father's Court, taking by way of luggage the shepherd Saphir, who cautiously emerges at her summons from the cottage in which he had taken refuge from Boulotte. At the moment of Fleurette's departure Blue Beard and his train appear, and observing her fresh beauty he marks her as an eligible successor to the wife he is then about to choose. He then proceeds to crown Boulotte as the *rosière*, and he is so struck with her charms that he breaks out into song thus:—

Elle est robuste, elle est naïve,  
Sa grâce est quelque peu massive!  
C'est un Rubens!

And the chorus reiterates her praises as in duty bound. He marries her instantly, and carries her to Court.

We are now introduced to the Court of King Bobèche, and find His Majesty drilling his courtiers in bowing. He asks Count Oscar at what hour he got up that morning, and the Count answers that he got up at whatever hour may please His Majesty. They hold a council upon affairs of State. The King says that he has an opinion. The Count says that he does not know what the King's opinion is, but it is his opinion also. They think that the conduct of Blue Beard is suspicious. His successive wives have disappeared with a mysterious rapidity. The Count had been charged by the King to call Blue Beard's attention to this circumstance. The Count, approaching this delicate topic with cautious tact, had remarked to the formidable Baron that the late Isaure de Valbon was a very charming person. "Yes," answered Blue Beard, "she was a very charming person, but she was always the same." The Count deemed it inexpedient to proceed further with this conversation. At this moment the Queen enters, and the King remarks to himself that she is like the late lamented Isaure de Valbon, with a difference, for she is a very disagreeable person, and she is always the same. The next arrival is the Princess Fleurette, who is smashing the King's valuable china all over the palace by way of protest against a proposed marriage with a Prince, who turns out, however, to be the same person as her beloved shepherd Saphir. The Prince describes how he saw and fell in love with Fleurette, and disguised himself as a shepherd to be near her in the country. In the town, he says, the heart does not beat with love, but in the country it beats Ran, tan, tan; and the King and Queen and Princess, and finally the Prince, all sing Ran, tan, tan, in chorus. This scene of domestic harmony is interrupted by the arrival of Blue Beard,



who comes to present his bride, Boulotte, to the King. Boulotte astonishes the courtiers by kissing the King's lips instead of his hand, and otherwise confounds their notions of the etiquette of a Court; while Blue Beard, learning that the Princess is to be married to the Prince at midnight, calculates that there will just be time for him to take home Boulotte, get her poisoned, and return to repair the sudden and afflicting loss he will have sustained, by demanding and obtaining the Princess as his seventh wife.

The introduction of Boulotte to the vault where her five predecessors are supposed to lie entombed is not perhaps as comic as might have been expected. She is saved by the contrivance of Popolani, who instructs her to throw away the poison she should have taken, and drink only the sugared water in which it was to be infused. The sugared water contains, however, something which throws Boulotte into a state of torpor. Blue Beard sees her, and supposing her to be satisfactorily poisoned, departs on his errand of courtship at the palace. Then Popolani revives her by the help of an electrical machine, and introduces her to the five other wives of Blue Beard. The whole party then follow Blue Beard in disguise, intending to appear and spoil his little game at the palace. The scene at the palace may be conceived. There is a grotesque duel of fencing and dancing combined between Blue Beard and the Prince. Boulotte and her companions reveal themselves. At the same time appear five noblemen whom King Bobèche had ordered to be murdered as suspected lovers of the Queen. After recognitions on all sides, the King asks what is to be done with all these people. Blue Beard has no suggestion to offer in this emergency, except that he does not suppose that he can be expected to take back all his wives. It is proposed, however, that he should take Boulotte, and that the five escaped noblemen should take his other wives. Hereupon the chorus sings, as well it may,

Idée heureuse,  
Ingénieuse;  
C'est original  
Et moral.

A great part, but not the whole, of this praise might be given to Madlle. Schneider's acting. We do not dwell upon those features of her performance which are most original, because a nuisance becomes a greater nuisance if it is stirred. The opera is amusing and well performed. The audience probably like it pretty well, but we cannot conceive that any rational creature can like it better because an actress combines the gestures of Mabelle with the proper business of her part.

It is to be feared that the receipts of the St. James's Theatre may suffer as it becomes known that the performances are less improper than had been generally supposed. Yet the British public is so tenacious of a received idea that it may be expected that a belief in the naughtiness of this entertainment will continue at least as long as the present season. There is, we admit, an infusion of impropriety in *Barbe Bleue*, but it is derived, not from the actors, but from the authors. We are given to understand that Boulotte is no better than she should be, and we allow that Madlle. Schneider does not impair our conception of the character by any unnecessary restraint of manner. There is, as we have endeavoured to show, a large part of the piece which is amusing within the strict limit of propriety, and there is also a good deal which belongs to a province not frequented of recent years by English dramatists. It is easy to understand that all that goes on about the choice of a *rosière* by lot is very funny, and one quite feels that the English stage loses enormously in capacity for fun by the prohibition of similar scenes and topics, which has excluded from representation many plays which our forefathers beheld with pleasure, and with no sense of impropriety. Of all Farquhar's plays only one, the *Beaux Stratagem*, has been played in recent times, and it is likely that the *Constant Couple* will never be played again, although there would seem to be no difficulty in presenting it to an audience which approves *Barbe Bleue*. The fun of certain scenes of the new opera depends upon supposing virtue where it does not exist; the fun of the old comedy depends upon a similar mistake as to virtue's opposite. The fun in both cases is undeniable, and it is hard that an English manager cannot dress a handsome woman as a man, and make her play Sir Harry Wildair, while a French manager is permitted to avail himself of all the impropriety that authors and actresses can contrive to put together in Boulotte. It must be distinctly understood that Madlle. Schneider is not responsible for what Boulotte is, and, if she looks the part which has been made for her, she thereby gives proof of her artistic skill. She possibly considers that the rustic simplicity of the character requires to be supported by gestures which are sufficiently familiar to the frequenters of Parisian dancing-rooms, and which need not therefore be more particularly described. We will only say that we do not perceive any necessity for this lady to take upon herself a business which usually appertains to ladies who are in better training for the work. It is possible that the performances at the St. James's Theatre are intended as a sort of compromise between dissipation and the early closing movement. Formerly those who aspired to the reputation of fast young men used to go to the theatre, and somewhere else afterwards, but now the round of gaiety may be completed by twelve o'clock, and thus a fresh step is made in that march of improvement which was commenced when the Lancashire labourer determined to get his fighting done by four o'clock, so as to spend the evening quietly with his family. There

may be an advantage in presenting between the hours of eight and twelve a kind of performance which has been hitherto reserved for what are called the small hours of the morning.

The unquestionable propriety of *Orphée aux Enfers*, we fear, the cause that this theatre has been during the present week only moderately full. There is in *Barbe Bleue*, as we have shown, an element which is not usually found in modern English plays, and which goes some way to support the reputation which the St. James's Theatre has hitherto enjoyed. But the peculiar talent which Madlle. Schneider displays in Boulotte finds hardly any scope in Eurydice, and, on the contrary, she labours under several disadvantages. In the first place, she is married, and has only one lover, which in some countries is the regular allowance. Further, she wears during great part of the play the correct classical drapery which she has no excuse for treating as Boulotte treats her court dress. Lastly, during the best scenes of the opera she does not appear, and the most vigilant of critics could not detect improprieties in her acting when she is not on the stage at all. In fact this piece is only redeemed from the heavy censure of respectability by a dance of all the gods and goddesses which comes to relieve the monotony of decency near the end. Here it must be owned that Madlle. Schneider does her best to make up for lost time, and, if she does not do more than other ladies of the company, it must at any rate be conceded that she works harder. We should calculate that Eurydice must be giving at least three stone to Venus, and it must be remembered that the principle of weight for age, however fair as regards horses, is scarcely applicable to women.

## REVIEWS.

### JUVENTUS MUNDI.\*

(Second Notice.)

MR. GLADSTONE is doubtless well aware that there was no portion of his *Homeric Studies* that was received with more surprise, or with more unfavourable comment, than his speculations on what he described as the Traditive and the Inventive elements in the Homeric mythology. He assures us that in his new work he has endeavoured to avoid "a certain crudity of expression in some sections of the 'Olympos,' which led to misconceptions of my meaning with respect to the action of tradition (especially of sacred or Hebrew tradition) and invention respectively in the genesis of the Greek mythological system." The crudity of expression here referred to seems to have been corrected and modified to some extent by disguising the process of argument by which it was sustained, and by the adoption of a lighter touch and slighter treatment of the subject than in the former book. But the theory itself remains, we believe, the same; and we fear that a certain crudity of thought still underlies the expression given to it, and if the effect is less startling than it originally was, its soundness will be as much questioned as ever.

The subject is one which can hardly be treated with fulness in these pages. It involves questions of technical theology and of Scriptural exegesis upon which it would be unsuitable here to enter. The theory, however, it may be necessary to state, was this—that a particular portion of the Homeric mythology was derived by tradition from the source of Divine revelation to the patriarchs, as recorded in the sacred books of the Jews. Mr. Gladstone still holds that the doctrine of the Three Persons of the Godhead was made widely known to the ancient world by the teaching of the primitive race to whom, according to the Jewish tradition, it was specially delivered; that while the great mass of the mythology of the Greeks was a fable of merely human invention, the conception they formed of their Apollo and their Athene was derived from the original adumbration of the Divine Deliverer, the Seed of the Woman, and of the Logos or Wisdom of God. These two divinities stand, as he truly says, in many respects on a higher level, and in closer relation to Zeus the Father, than any other of the denizens of the Homeric Olympos; they are greater in power, purer in character; they engage more respect from their worshippers; they are less subject, at least as Homer represents them, to the human weaknesses which beset, more or less, almost all their brethren. Both of them are represented as proceeding from the one supreme Father, and the one who corresponds with the "seed of the woman" is born of a human mother. We forbear from entering more particularly into the analogies which Mr. Gladstone discovers between the Greek and the Hebrew traditions; it is evident that, in following them out, he must involve himself in many difficulties and contradictions. He cannot possibly account, under such a theory, for the constantly recurring opposition of the two inferior Beings to the one Superior, and the normal state of opposition between the one and the other of them; for the contempt and slur which, on one occasion at least, is put by Laomedon on Apollo; even if we may accept his excuses for the very imperfect morality of the crafty Athene. For the purposes of his theory he is obliged to divest Apollo of the attributes of an elemental divinity, and to represent him, together with Athene, as a purely intellectual conception. The name of Phœbus, "the bright one," and the many epithets appropriated to him, such as the "Far-darter," "the Far-off-accomplisher," declare distinctly, no less than the

\* *Juventus Mundi; the Gods and Men of the Heroic Age.* By the Right Hon. William Ewart Gladstone. London: Macmillan & Co. 1869.

infliction of the plague ascribed to his interposition, that he exerts the power of the Sun, that he is the power of the Sun, though he is not yet in Homer's mind identified personally with the visible orb of light and heat in the heavens. But even if the theory could be traced and carried out completely and consistently in the Homeric poems, it would still remain a question, which we must leave to the theologians to consider, whether its antitype is so clearly discoverable in the records of the primitive Scriptures themselves. The subject may favour some plausible conjectures, and the possibilities or probabilities connected with it will have an attraction for minds of a certain constitution; but it admits, as it seems to us, of conjectures, and leads to possibilities only, and will not bear to be handled by argument or pressed to any definite conclusion. The views of modern divinity with regard to it may be gathered perhaps from the total neglect into which Bishop Horsley's once famous *Dissertation on the Messianic Predictions* has fallen among students.

We feel bound to enter this protest against the form, however softened and corrected, which Mr. Gladstone has now given us of his celebrated theory of traditive mythology among the Greeks. Setting this aside, nothing, we think, can be more valuable of its kind than the analysis he has made of the character, the operations, and the attributes of the several divinities of Olympus. No writer on the subject, as far as we know, has described more subtly and distinctly the various grades of power and honour among them, or been more successful in tracing the different repute in which they are respectively held in the poems of Homer to the localities from which they seem to be severally derived, the races of men by whom they were imported into the common mythology of Greece, and the successive periods of their introduction. The strangest and least accountable of the circumstances connected with this theology seems to be the fact that the ethics of the gods of Olympus are so unquestionably inferior to those of men upon earth. Mr. Gladstone draws for us a very beautiful picture of the *morale* of the Homeric heroes, and leads us justly to infer from it the high ethical standard of the poet himself, and not less so of the people for whom he sang. The standard of mankind in the Homeric age is not the same as ours; they were, as became their circumstances, much more indulgent to violence, much more indulgent to fraud; the chivalrous virtues of truthfulness and honour, the Christian graces of resignation and charity, were little, if at all, practised among them; but no higher picture can anywhere be found of the political virtues of obedience to chiefs, faith between friends, courage in war, temperance, fortitude, and justice, than those depicted among the Grecian warriors on one side and the Trojan warriors on the other. The purity of Homer himself bespeaks that of the state of society around him, and not only in the relations of the sexes towards one another, but in the way in which they are regarded and spoken of, seems to indicate a period of genuine simplicity and of comparative innocence. But the surprising thing is, that in Olympus all this is changed. Political virtues there are none there. The Gods live under the arbitrary sway of their chief, without love as without law, in a constant state of open or covert rebellion. They are always murmuring at Zeus, sometimes insulting and defying him; they are constantly at feud amongst themselves, overreaching and betraying one another, sometimes breaking out into actual war one with another. They are split into factions, and quarrel with one another about their mortal favourites, by whom, on the other hand, their love can never be relied on. They are treacherous and cruel; they are intemperate and impure. The envoys of the Greeks are ashamed to take supper with Achilles after having dined with Agamemnon; but the Gods on Olympus feast all day long till sunset, without stint or scruple. The Greeks smile graciously when anything happens to amuse them; the Trojans, perhaps less reserved and temperate, laugh outright; but the Gods shake their sides with interminable roarings. They give way to their passions, whatever they may be, without reserve or reticence or self-control of any kind. The idea which Homer has of the Gods is that by their superior power and nature they are relieved from all the rules, the *convenances*, so to say, to which men are subjected. They are not themselves the model and just expression of eternal goodness and righteousness, but rather the ideal of the state of licence and self-indulgence in which man would willingly disport himself if only his conscience would allow him. The difference between men and Gods is that man has a conscience, the Gods have none. The result is, as every reader of Homer must feel, that whatever immorality there may be in the doings of the Homeric heroes upon earth, the moral condition of the world would be much better if it were left to human agency altogether, and the Gods themselves swept clean out of existence.

If it be asked, how could so unworthy a conception of the God-head have arisen among a people who seem, from their own moral practice, to have been capable of so much nobler a conception, we should reply that the fact seems to us to indicate that the Homeric mythology was not the creation of the Homeric age—perhaps not altogether of the Greek people. The religion of the Greeks sprang, we may well believe, from manifold and divers sources. It had its Pelasgian, its Hælic, its Semitic elements, and possibly many others. It was even more composite than the people themselves, and various circumstances, local or accidental, may have contributed to the introduction of its specific portions, and to their acceptance by worshippers who had no natural affinity with them. Mr. Gladstone very happily points out the Phœnician element in

some of the most questionable, from a moral point of view, of the mythological legends. He shows also how the divinities of Ares and Aphrodite, among others, the least divine of the Olympian consistency, seem to be derived from a different source from others of the hierarchy, and to have been held, even in his time, in inferior honour. If we may suppose that the mythology was itself in substance much older than Homer, it may be conjectured that the Greeks in Homer's age had advanced to a higher moral standard than their forefathers, and had morally outgrown their primitive traditions. For so it is that the morality of a popular theology is generally a step behind the morality of the best and wisest even of those who still consent to be numbered among its nominal upholders. But this is a statement the consideration of which would lead us far away from the subject before us.

There are other indications, however, to our mind, that Homer, so far from being the inventor of Grecian mythology and legend, was himself only the inheritor of the traditions of many earlier ages. It took, we cannot doubt, many generations to form the language and the versification which we specially designate as his own. The *Juventus Mundi* had, after all, its fathers and its forefathers, "ante Agamemnona." Mr. Gladstone points out as a matter of curious interest, that the phrase "anax andrôn," "king or lord of men," is applied only to a limited number of chiefs, and is never used except in the nominative or vocative cases, or placed in any other order or combination. There is something eminently formal and conventional in the use of it. The same, we would observe, is the case with other titles of distinction, such as "kreiôn," and "poimên laôn." Of this latter it is to be remarked, curiously enough, that it is never used except in the accusative or the dative. It would seem that these and other titles have a conventional value. We can only compare them loosely with the styles we apply to certain distinguished persons among ourselves, such as "gracious majesty," "royal highness," "most noble," "right honorable," all of which have their formal and conventional sense, which admits of no variation. We cannot address a marquis as "most illustrious," nor a privy councillor as "truly honorable." Such niceties of usage indicate antiquity, and long-established and widely-recognised custom; and seem to assure us that the polity of the Greeks as depicted in the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* was the mature product of many ages of ever-ripening civilization.

Accordingly, while we agree to the full in Mr. Gladstone's high appreciation of the purity and masculine modesty of Homer's moral sense, we regard these less as the qualities of the individual poet than as the traditional characteristics of Greek heroic song. These noble characteristics, received from many predecessors, Homer faithfully handed down to a late posterity. The tradition was preserved for many ages after him. Homer is not more pure than Virgil, nor Virgil than Lucan, nor Lucan than Statius. Amidst the seething corruption of the Roman Empire, when every other form of poetry reeked with corruption, and seemed to represent only too faithfully the common thought and language of a vile and degraded society, the epic still preserved its original tradition; and, excepting one or two of what Mr. Gladstone would signalize as Phœnician episodes in the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*, there is not, we say with some confidence, a line in the epic poetry of Greece and Rome which might not be read to "boys and virgins." Nor, we would add, is this reserve to be compared with the conscious and, as we should say, effeminate avoidance of indelicate topics which, in some of our modern novelists for instance, rather suggests the indecencies it huddles up from our eyes. Rather it bespeaks the purity of real innocence, and consists with the free and manly utterance of hearts fixed on higher interests, and filled with nobler imaginations. If indeed we owe this glorious tradition, thus sedulously preserved, to the invention of Homer himself, we know of no merit of the greatest of poets to be compared with this merit; but if he only inherited it from others, and passed it down to his successors with the stamp of his authority, the boon is the same to us, and his merit, though common to them also, is only one degree less transcendent.

#### MEMOIRS OF KING LEOPOLD.\*

IT is so obviously too soon to write the Life of King Leopold with the fulness which it deserves, that we cannot find fault with M. Juste for making but little of his subject. Our quarrel with him is of a different sort. When the King's papers come to be made public they will probably be found to contain the secret history of half the Courts of Europe. They will hold in the annals of the nineteenth century somewhat the place which the despatches of the Venetian ambassadors hold in the fifteenth. But till that time arrives the interest of the King's reign is mainly domestic. He is the central figure round which are grouped the many constitutional problems which have presented themselves since the foundation of the kingdom, and the more his life is interwoven with contemporary events in Belgium, the more worthy of study it becomes. Instead of treating it in this way M. Juste usually contents himself with a reference to other books on the subject. No doubt the compilation of such a Life as we have described would have involved some repetition. That may be a reason for leaving it unwritten for the present; it is not a reason for writing it on a wrong principle. The

\* *Memoirs of Leopold I., King of the Belgians.* By Theodore Juste. Authorized Translation, by Robert Black. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Marston. 1868.

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narrative of Leopold's acceptance of the Belgian crown, for example, is made needlessly obscure by this method of treatment. "It is very probable," says M. Juste, "that Prince Leopold followed with lively interest the circumstances of the Belgian Revolution." Surely a few pages might have been profitably used in enabling the reader to do the same.

Belgium was not too well treated by the European Powers in the first seven years of her separate existence. The unwillingness of the French Government to consent to the choice of a German sovereign delayed the definite formation of the new kingdom for many months, at a time when the interests of the country were greatly compromised by the consequent suspense. When this difficulty had been got over, and the integrity of Belgium had been guaranteed by the "Eighteen Articles," the adhesion of the King of Holland to the arrangement was not insisted on, and the result of this disastrous omission was the exposure of the new sovereign to the humiliation of a needless defeat. Leopold had not been a fortnight in his kingdom before Belgium was suddenly invaded by 50,000 Dutch troops, to which he could only oppose an untrained force of about half that number. Belgium was only saved by French aid, and the rapidity with which this was accorded, compared with the slow movements of the English fleet—which was not ordered to the Scheldt, at first because the Government did not believe Holland was in earnest, nor at last because then the need for intervention was over—laid the foundation of a distrust of English support, on the part of the Belgians, of which the full fruit has perhaps not yet been seen. Its immediate consequence was the French demand for the demolition of the Belgian fortresses, and the training of the Belgian army by French officers. Hostilities with Holland had only been suspended for two months, and, as General Goblet truly said, in answer to the Duke of Wellington's remonstrances on this latter head, "When death is imminent, is one bound to think of anything but self-preservation? And, seeing the English fleet still in the Downs, were the Belgians bound to abstain from having recourse to France?" In the matter of territory Belgium likewise came in for hard measure. By the Treaty of 1831, Luxembourg and Limburg were reserved to Holland. Leopold assented unwillingly to an arrangement which severed from his dominions a population which wished to cast in its lot with Belgium, his motive for doing so being to secure the tangible advantages of immediate and final recognition. But as the King of Holland refused for nearly seven years to give his adhesion to the treaty, the value of this compensation was so materially lessened that the Belgians were naturally indignant when, in 1838, the Great Powers insisted on the execution of the obnoxious provision. Leopold's first instinct was to "try the effect of resisting Europe." He was warmly supported by his subjects, and by the autumn of 1838 he had raised an army of 116,000 men. But the expressed determination of both England and France to support the other Great Powers in adhering to the division of territory originally agreed upon in London deprived this enthusiasm of all practical value, and Luxembourg and Limburg became finally Dutch. Two years ago Europe was nearly paying a heavy penalty for this perverse arrangement.

It was some years before Leopold surrendered himself to the necessities of party government. The Belgian Revolution had been the work of both parties in the State, and the King long clung to the system of forming his Cabinet from both equally. In 1841 he accepted the resignation of a Liberal Administration which had been constituted the year before on the fall of a Unionist Cabinet that had been in power since 1834, and made a vigorous effort to prevent power from inclining definitely either to right or left. M. Nothomb, on whom his choice fell, held office for four years, when he retired before the combined hostility of both Catholics and Liberals. M. Van de Weyer then "consented to take the direction of a new mixed Cabinet," but when he retired, after an eight months' trial, the King "was obliged to try a new path." He first attempted to come to an understanding with M. Rogier, as representing the Liberals, and on this failing, M. de Theux was entrusted with the formation of a homogeneous Catholic Ministry. The elections of the following year were fatal to the new Premier, and in August, 1847, the Liberal party, under M. Rogier, succeeded to power. From that date, with the exception of an interval of rather more than two years, between 1852 and 1855, the Government has been regularly in the hands of the Parliamentary majority for the time being. It is to be regretted that Belgian politics should attract so little attention in England. The issues raised by the discussions in the Chambers are sometimes of very great interest, because they deal with first principles to an extent almost unexampled in European Legislatures. The questions lying on the border-land between politics and religion, which are likely to play so large a part in the history of the next few years, have already been debated in Belgium. The very fact that the two great parties into which the nation is divided are the Catholics and the Liberals, inaccurate and misleading as such a division must necessarily be, indicates the peculiar prominence which is given in Belgium to the mutual relations of ecclesiastical and civil society. If Mr. Grant Duff's idea of a newspaper is ever reduced to fact, and we read each morning everything of importance that has happened the day before in every part of the world, Englishmen may be able to gather a sufficient notion of Belgian politics from the daily Brussels telegram. Till this glowing vision is realized, their one chance of doing so lies in the hope that

some newspaper which appeals to a specially ecclesiastical public may think it worth while to arrange for an occasional correspondence. It may be well to warn any reader, who may be tempted by this estimate of the subject to turn to M. Juste's pages, that he will find his labour thrown away. Although the whole of the second volume deals with the life of Leopold after his election to the throne, the most striking events in his reign, and those which most illustrate his career as a constitutional sovereign, are either passed over altogether, or referred to in a way which conveys absolutely no information. In particular, the selections from the King's correspondence are made on a principle which is absolutely inexplicable.

The two questions which seem most to have interested Leopold were the military resources of Belgium and the limitation of charitable bequests. Upon the first of these points he had to resist the plausible argument derived from the guarantee of neutrality. Belgium, it was said, exists by virtue of this European arrangement. As long as the great Powers agree to maintain that arrangement, there is no need for an army; when they are no longer of this mind an army will be useless. In answer to this reasoning, the King maintained, in all his communications with his Ministers, that the danger to which Belgium was most exposed was that of a foreign occupation, and that this could only be averted by making such an occupation at once difficult and inexcusable. Let foreign troops once get in on any pretext, and there would be but small chance of getting them out. As long as Belgium had no army capable of defending her own frontier, she would offer a temptation to any invader who might think the chance of an ultimate settlement on the principle of *uti possidetis* worth running some risk, or to any belligerent who might fear, or profess to fear, that her neutrality would be violated by the forces of his adversary. In either case, Belgium would "have to bear from enemies, and even friends, the infliction of burdens enormous and ruinous, and"—added the King—"perfectly well deserved, if they result from her own blindness." Leopold had another reason for urging this point upon his Ministers. "The country offers our youth small choice of careers; there is only the army to appeal at all to the imagination. If you show a determination to close this career also, what think you is to become of our youth?" The spirit in which the King approached the subject may be recommended to the imitation of other sovereigns and royal commanders-in-chief. "In spite of the lively interest I take in military affairs," he writes to the Prime Minister, "I have never made of the army, as it is made in other countries, a personal amusement; but in it I see, as M. Thiers said to me a few months ago, the independence of Belgium; without good means of defence, you will be the sport of the whole world." Perhaps it was some such con-ummation as this that Talleyrand had in view when, in one of his conversations with Leopold immediately after his election, he is said to have "advised him to give up all military display, and content himself with 4,000 or 5,000 men for the maintenance of a police in the interior." The views of the King as to the strength of the army were adopted by the Chambers, but some years afterwards he encountered great opposition in his scheme of fortifying Antwerp, and as lately as 1865 he preached the same doctrine to the Communal Council of that city. "The great object of the national policy ought to be to maintain the neutrality of the country, but this policy will command the confidence of our neighbours only when it gives them a conviction that the country is really strong, and in a position to fulfil the obligations imposed upon her by her political existence." It is curious how these obligations have been left out of sight in some English criticisms on the recent misunderstanding between Belgium and France. It has been too often assumed that, in dealing with the French demands, the Belgian Government had only to consider the safety of their own country, and therefore that no case could be made out for rejecting the sale of a Belgian railway to a French Company, unless it could be proved to make a French invasion more easy. But neutrality implies duties as well as exemptions, and if the whole traffic arrangements of a Belgian line could be dictated from Paris, there would be nothing to hinder French troops being conveyed across Belgium without the Government having any power to prevent it except by the extreme measure of tearing up the rails. Into the discussions excited by the Charities Bill—a measure which subjected the constitutional institutions of Belgium to a strain that at one time threatened to be greater than they could bear—M. Juste does not give us the materials for entering to any purpose. The King's views on the question, however, are worth quoting for their own sake, and because they have a lesson for Englishmen at this moment:—"No opposition ought to be made to the wishes of public donors and benefactors, unless for important reasons. The principle that a person can bestow his bounties and gifts either on the public or on individuals, as he pleases, alone appears to me in harmony with the real liberty every one can claim on these matters."

#### HOLIDAYS ON HIGH LANDS.\*

IN Mr. Hugh Macmillan's *Holidays on High Lands* we have, within a slender compass, the results of several summers spent by a skilled and enthusiastic botanist in tracing to their source the

\* *Holidays on High Lands; or, Rambles and Incidents in Search of Alpine Plants*. By the Rev. Hugh Macmillan. London: Macmillan & Co. 1869.

most characteristic varieties of our native flora. The intervals of professional toil have been well spent by him in a way not only the most suitable for the refreshment of the jaded energies of body and mind, but useful in providing materials for the instruction and amusement of those who share the like tastes for what is curious and beautiful in nature. Without laying claim to the character of a naturalist by profession, or seeking to clothe his work in the technical dress of scientific parlance, he has presented us with a series of studies in geographical botany, popular in form, but rich in interesting matter. Distinct in themselves, these several sections of his book have a common basis and bond of unity. Their aim is to "impart a general idea of the origin, character, and distribution of those rare and beautiful Alpine plants which occur on the British hills, and which are found almost everywhere in Europe, Asia, Africa, and America, wherever there are mountain chains sufficiently lofty to furnish them with a suitable climate. For the purposes of study we have, in the ascertained laws of natural distribution, an adjunct which renders us in a measure superior to the necessity of actual exploration where climate has set an impassable barrier to the foot of man. Either pole of the earth may remain for ever sealed to human access. But in our twin hemispheres we have, as it were, two enormous snow-capped mountains set base to base, with the equator for the foot of each, the middle part of both answering to the temperate zones north and south, and the opposite summits answering to the Arctic and Antarctic regions. "Thus in each tropical mountain we have an epitome of half of the great earth itself; and all the climates of the world, and all the zones of vegetation, may be felt and seen in passing from its foot to its top in a single day." Altitude is analogous to latitude. In the limited range of a Scottish mountain the student of nature has within safe and easy ken types of vegetable, or even animal, life world-wide in their distribution, and often sought for with fatal difficulty and risk:—

To climb a lofty Highland hill is equivalent to undertaking a summer voyage to the Arctic regions; a vertical ascent of 4,000 feet in three hours enabling us to reach a north pole which we could only have attained in as many months by a journey through seventy degrees of latitude. The leading phenomena of the Polar world are presented to us on a small scale within the circumscribed area of the mountain summit. The same specific rocks along which Parry and Ross coasted in the unknown seas of the North, here crop above the surface, and yield by their disintegration the same kind of vegetation. The Alpine hare is common to both; and the ptarmigan, which penetrates in large flocks as far as Melville Island, is often seen flying round the grey rocks of the higher Grampians, and exhibiting its singular changes of plumage from a mottled brown in summer to pure white in winter, so rapidly as to be perceptible from day to day. Although none of the Scotch mountains reach the line of perpetual snow, yet large snowy masses, smoothed and hardened by pressure into the consistence of glacier-ice, not unfrequently lie in shady hollows all the year round, and remind one of the frozen hills of Greenland and Spitzbergen. Sweltering with midsummer heat in the low confined valleys, we are here revived and invigorated by the chill breezes of the Pole. We have thus in our own country, and within short and easy reach of our busiest towns, specimens and exact counterparts of those terrible Arctic fastnesses, to explore which every campaign has been made at the cost of endurance beyond belief—often at the sacrifice of the most noble and valuable lives.

Excluding exotic species introduced in later times by direct human agency, the indigenous plants of Great Britain may be included in four tolerably distinct groups, each pointing to an origin of its own. By far the largest portion of our vegetation, Mr. Macmillan points out, is composed of forms which are abundant over the whole of Central and Western Europe, and which from their common occurrence on both sides of the German Ocean have received the name of Germanic plants. The numerous varieties of the southern and south-western counties, from their close relation to the flora of the north-west of France and the Channel Islands, are known as the French type. A slender group, barely a score in number, confined to the west and south-west hills of Ireland, may be referred to the peninsula of Spain and Portugal, especially the Asturias. Lastly, we have the Highland type, including all the Alpine plants, about a fifteenth of the whole flora of Great Britain. The number of distinct species is set down as about 1,500. The whole of this mountain type stands as far apart in aspect from the vegetation of the plains as do the Laplanders or Esquimaux from the inhabitants of England or Scotland. Still, a similarity can be traced through the entire class from the Arctic regions to the Equator, if we follow the isothermal lines along the slopes of the mountains. It is to be understood, however, that, saving the case of direct migration, the relationship of the southern and northern Alpine or Arctic flora is, under similar conditions, entirely one of representative not identical species—the representation, too, being in great part generic, not specific. The superficial characteristics of Alpine plants are readily summed up. "They grow in thick masses, generally upon a rocky base, covering large surfaces with a soft carpet of moss-like foliage. Their blossoms are large in proportion to the leaves, and often of brilliant tints, red, white, or blue; or they creep along the ground in thickly interwoven, woody branches, sending out at intervals a few hard wrinkled leaves with slight and faintly-coloured flowers. Their roots are woody in fibre, or, like those of bulbous plants, wrapped up in membranous sheaths. Their stems are strongly given to forcing buds. Nearly all are perennial, the number of annuals being very small." Sundry anomalies in the distribution of these plants are pointed out by Mr. Macmillan. But the progress of investigation and reasoning has in general confirmed the theory of Edward Forbes, which refers the present arrangement of vegetable species to changes in the elevation

of the land, and consequent variations of climate. Everything tends to bear out the hypothesis or tradition of the submerged Atlantis, as the highway by which the Miocene flora of Europe came over from the Western continent, spreading from thence over Asia Minor, Northern Asia, and Japan, in comparatively high latitudes, and at considerable elevations, until they returned to their birthplace, having completed the circuit of the globe. From still earlier progenitors, the plants of the Eocene and Cretaceous periods of that continent, has descended the existing flora of America. Thus alone can we account for the occurrence, on the chain of Mount Taurus in Asia Minor, of a species of *Pelargonium* otherwise (*Pilostyle*) peculiar to South America. On the hills of Java and New Zealand, as well as on the highest slopes of the Himalayas, and on the tops of hills in Abyssinia, are found many European genera, which Mr. Darwin thinks due to the cold of the Glacial period allowing a few northern temperate plants to cross the equator by the elevated route of the mountain chains, and to reach even the Antarctic regions where they are now found.

But where are we to find the origin of the Alpine flora of the British hills? We can hardly suppose them to be strictly indigenous. They are few in number, and poor and meagre in aspect, and maintain with difficulty their existence, even in the most favoured spots. It is Mr. Macmillan's object to show that the uplands and mountains of Norway and Lapland are the geographical centres whence our Alpine plants have been derived, at an epoch when the north-western continent of Europe had a configuration widely differing from that of our day. The Baltic and Arctic seas were at that time connected, as is shown by the identity of the fishes of the Gulf of Bothnia with those of the Arctic and of the White Seas. The Scandinavian peninsula was a group of mountainous islands. The migration of these plants must have occurred after the deposition of the London clay, or the Eocene tertiary epoch. The organic remains found in that formation belong to a flora of a far warmer climate than the present. On the other hand, it must have preceded the great deposit of peat which brings us to times almost historical. Between these two limits comes the Glacial period, the period of the boulder clays and pleistocene drifts. Among the lofty peaks that towered above the glacial sea, numerous bergs floated towards the south, and formed the means of transport for the Arctic flora to the congenial summits of hills far remote. At an elevation of 3,000 or 4,000 feet, upon the hills of Scotland, the botanist recognises in profusion the common sea-pink of our coasts, which is seen again all over the Continent of Europe upon the loftiest mountains, but never in the intermediate plains and valleys, save where it has been brought down by mountain streams. Our mountain chains, as well as those of Northern and Central Europe, were doubtless, as Professor Forbes believed, islands in the midst of an extensive icy sea. Another survivor of this ancient maritime flora which once clothed our mountain sides on a level with the glacial waves is the *Cochlearia Greenlandica*, or "scurvy grass" well known to medicine, which is found as far north as under the snows of Melville Island. Lower down on the slopes of our great mountain ranges is seen at times the *plantago maritima*, which is met with nowhere else but on the sea-shore. These three examples go far, as Mr. Macmillan forcibly argues, to establish the theory of the Scandinavian origin of our mountain flora, as a result of the great changes of surface and climate during the Glacial epoch.

Our Alpine flora is marked, our author points out, following Mr. Watson's *Cybele Britannica*, by three distinct zones of altitude. The highest or *super-Arctic* zone, that of the superior Highland summits, has for its lower limit the common heather, at a height of about 3,000 feet. It is characterized as that of the herbaceous willow, and is notable for the absence rather than the presence of particular plants, two species only being peculiar to it in this country. The *mid-Arctic* zone, lying between the line of the heather and that of the cross-leaved heath, at about 2,000 feet, comprising the highest peaks of England, Wales, and Ireland, with the widest ranges of Scotland, is especially rich in Alpine plants. Lastly, we have the *infer-Arctic* zone bounded above by the Erica and below by the bracken, as well as by the limits of cultivation, at about 1,400 feet. The plants of this belt approach most nearly to the Lowland type. The three classes, be it understood, are not separated by rigid natural lines of demarcation, local or accidental causes producing an intermixture of varieties. Still the result of Mr. Macmillan's researches over wide districts of the highlands of Europe has been to verify the general law of distribution, as well as to form a trustworthy index to the botanical annals of those regions. His earlier chapters are devoted to the floral wealth of his native hills. Of all British mountains Ben Lawers is, he assures us, richest in rare and interesting Arctic species. An occasional variety, such as the curious *cherleria*, or mossy cyphel, may, he thinks, be of an age prior to the Scandinavian immigration, and have been distributed from the Breadalbane summits as far south as the Swiss Alps, where it is found in great abundance at an altitude of 15,000 feet. Another pride of Ben Lawers, the *myosotis alpestris*, almost alone of British Alpine plants, is marked by fragrance; the great majority of Swiss varieties, on the other hand, being odoriferous. Caenlochan comes next in our author's patriotic estimation. Its profusion of the Highland azalea reminds him of the rhododendrons which form the floral glory of the Swiss Alps, and above all of the Sikkim Himalayas. The ferns, lichens, and minute life forms of these lofty regions find a place in our author's scientific record, which is all the more attractive for the lifelike personal setting of adventure in which he has caused it to appear.

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We would gladly dwell at more adequate length upon the chapters which form the most novel as well as perhaps the most popularly attractive portion of the book—the naturalist's rambles among the highlands, fjelds, and fjords of Norway. Here at every step he was reminded of home. Here is the very cradle of the Scottish flora. His powers of description find fitting themes in the grandeur of the Skjeggedal-foss and the Vöring-foss. Norway is in very truth the land of waterfalls. The Riukan-foss or Reeking Fall, in Upper Thelemarken, falls perpendicularly 800 feet, and the Sarpen-foss is grander far than Schaffhausen. For purity and sublimity the Folgefond glacier ranks infinitely above the dull and discoloured ice masses of the Swiss range. Mr. Macmillan's glowing pictures of Scandinavian nature are enough to kindle in every tourist the desire to take the same interesting high lands for the scenes of his own autumn holidays.

## MISCELLANEA GENEALOGICA.\*

HERE, as in a book of heraldry which we noticed a little time back, is a sign that common sense is beginning to make its way even into the most unpromising quarters. People are gradually beginning to see through the mysterious claims of the supposed "science" of heraldry, and they are gradually awakening to the fact that the great mass of pedigrees are simply fictions. We do not know what are Dr. Howard's special objects in putting forth his book; but he at least has the merit of cutting away the romance of his subject, and showing how very modern and, to our mind, except in exceptional cases, how very dull his subject is. The descent of a really illustrious family is undoubtedly something; it is part of the history of the country; but where are really illustrious families, illustrious in the sense of the Fabii and the Æmili, the Erlachs and the Redings, to be found among us? We once stumbled on a man who believed that in a republic "no aristocracy could exist but an aristocracy of wealth." The evidence of history, on the other hand, sometimes tempts us to believe that it is only in republics that anything like really illustrious descent is to be found. But however this may be, it is surely dull work enough to trace the pedigrees of people who never did anything memorable, and whose descent cannot be traced higher up than the seventeenth century. Yet some people like it, and we presume that the pleasure, like some other unaccountable pleasures, is at least harmless. But the great point is the manly avowal of Dr. Howard that the study of genealogy is, as a general rule, shut up within this very narrow prison. Dr. Howard's book, it seems, was published in parts, and he not unreasonably expects that those who took it in in parts will remember something about its nature and objects, even now that it has appeared as a volume. "To those who then became subscribers, and who now find this Preface accompanying the Title and Indices of the First Volume, it may seem strange to see a Preface at all. The name of the book and its known contents mutually explain and justify one another." This we do not doubt, but presently Dr. Howard goes on to say:—

There is, however, another class of Readers who may even now be making their first acquaintance with this volume of "Miscellanea" in its complete shape. Such persons may perhaps expect, *in limine*, a word or two as to the plan and contents of the work.

Now we have to confess that we are among these weaker brethren, these readers who are "even now" making their first acquaintance with this volume of *Miscellanea* and with its editor. We therefore look on a word or two as to the plan and contents of the work as highly acceptable, and we are delighted to find the word or two taking the following shape:—

A little consideration will show that the families with whose history our genealogical portion is concerned must chiefly be such as sprung into notice in the second half of the sixteenth and the early years of the seventeenth centuries.

The investigation of their history should possess much general interest, as the majority of existing families of note can trace no higher than this in the male line, though by the marriage of female heirs many connected themselves with the earlier aristocracy of the land, and, indeed, it was often by the aid of such matches that they emerged first from obscurity.

So again, directly after, Dr. Howard tells us that, "as to the Heraldry, with some notable exceptions, the examples contained in the present volume are also chiefly of the Elizabethan date." And so it is; Dr. Howard's book is mainly taken up with minute inquiries into the births, deaths, and marriages of people of the obscurest sort, people who nowhere figure in the history of their country, who when alive were most likely never heard of out of their own counties, and who, now that they are dead, have not even the charm of antiquity to give them an artificial interest. We do not forget the frequent incidental value of researches of this kind. In fumbling over the dull forefathers of some forgotten squire, we do ever and anon stumble upon something which illustrates history, or even upon something which is interesting or amusing in itself. Among mountains of chaff we can now and then pick out a grain of wheat. Even in looking through a pedigree, the changes in Christian and surnames, in titles and descriptions, will often throw light on some point or other, though the particular persons who bore the names and titles have passed away into utter oblivion. Take, for instance, the family of Andrew or Andrews of Charwelton in Northamptonshire, which comes incidentally into pedigrees in Dr. Howard's 95th and 100th pages. One member of the family holds a certain place, though not a very

lofty one, in English history, as being the Sheriff who attended at the execution of Mary Stuart. And even Dr. Howard's pedigree suggests the question how so odd a Christian name as Euseby became hereditary in an English family. But the antiquary who goes to Charwelton church and sees the tombs of the Andrews will learn something. Four tombs, of the end of the fifteenth and the beginning of the sixteenth century, cover four generations of Andrews, described successively as "Mercator," "Generosus," "Armiger," and "Miles." We here see a state of things in which it was not hard for a man to rise from one rank to a higher rank, but a state of things in which the several degrees of rank were still carefully observed, and in which people honestly described themselves according to their several degrees. Two or three centuries sooner the merchant could not have so easily grown into the gentleman, the esquire, and the knight. Two or three centuries later the merchant and the gentleman would have been slurred over in the all-embracing description of "esquire." Here then we get a real piece of living social history, incidentally written in the annals of a private family in no way distinguished from thousands of other private families. So, whenever Dr. Howard or anybody else is good enough to print a will or an inventory, we are sure to learn something or other from it. But these are not the things which the true genealogist goes after. It is the abundant chaff and not the occasional wheat on which he seems to feed. The births, marriages, and deaths of swarms of people of whom all he can tell us is that they were born, were married, and died, seem to have for him a charm on their own account. Such a taste strikes one as a little remarkable, but, like other matters of taste, we suppose it is not to be argued about. Sometimes indeed we come across a savour of romance which makes us anxious to know a little more. We do not wonder when Mr. John Appleton, of Boston, U.S., writes to Dr. Howard to ask,

Sir Isaac Appleton, Kt., of Little Waldingfield, Suffolk, married, in 1599, Mary, the "unfortunate" daughter of Anthony Cage, Esq., of Longstow, Cambridgeshire. Why is she thus called?

Mr. Appleton's anxiety after one who may turn out to have been his great-great-grandmother cannot be called otherwise than praiseworthy. At the same time we cannot but confess a deeper interest when, not the unknown Sir Isaac Appleton, but Wulfic Spot, the founder of Burton Abbey and one of the heroes of Ringmere, leaves in his will certain lands to his "poor daughter" (*mine earman dóhter*), with special provisions implying something mysterious about her. So, again, the things which one would really like to know the pedigrees never tell us. In this volume there is a pedigree spreading over several pages of the family of Dod or Dodd, a family which is described as "illustrious et antiqua." We have all the Dods and Dodds from 17 Ric. II. till now, and in all that time the most remarkable Dodd seems to have been a very comfortable Irish pluralist of the last century. The Reverend Charles Dodd was born in 1695, and died in 1775. He was Rector of Ardagh, Rector of the United Benefice of Killenumery and Killery, and Vicar of Drumlease; in the Commission of the Peace for the Counties of Sligo, Leitrim, and Roscommon. This points to a convenient arrangement and one not unknown to earlier times, but which certainly seems to us—how much more then to Lord Westbury—to savour of sacrilege. The Justice for so many counties had no doubt a good deal to do; the Rector of so many parishes had most likely very little to do. But the Justice was unpaid, while the Rector was no doubt very comfortably paid. That is to say, the spiritual endowments of all these parishes were practically applied to the maintenance of the civil magistrate.

But we have wandered from our Dods, of whom we have still somewhat to say. Was John Dod of Claverhall in the county of Salop in the seventeenth year of the late King Richard the Second really and truly the first of all Dods? He stands at the head of all the Dods who come after him, but can Dr. Howard certify whether there were or were not any Dods before him? That is just what the pedigree does not tell us, and that is just what we want to know. Was Thomas Dod of Claverhall the first man who ever called himself Dod as an hereditary surname? If not, who was? Now it is plain that the first man who was called Dod as an hereditary surname was the son of a man who bore some form of the ancient name of Dodd as a Christian name. Given our *Ur-Dod*, and we can at once catch our Dodd in the shape of his father, and we shall know down to what time the ancient name of Dodd remained in use. Now the noble science of genealogy, which is so rich in the later *Doddings*, should surely be able to tell us the patriarch of the race; surely Mr. Dodd the pluralist should have been able to rival Hecateus and have been ready γενελογῆσαι ἑωυτὸν καὶ ἀναγῆναι τὴν πατρίην ἐς ἱκανοῦς χρόνον Δόδδων. But this, the one thing in the whole Doddology which we should like to know, is the one thing which we are forbidden to know. However we grasp in despair at a sort of by-pedigree, at a secondary list of three Dods whose exact relation to the main Gens Doddia is not specified. Thomas the elder begat "Ughtrichus" and "Ughtrichus" begat Thomas the younger. These worthies flourished in Cheshire in the days of Henry the Fourth, Fifth, and Sixth. Now to Ughtrichus we naturally take kindly. Getting rid of the letters which are wasted upon him, he comes out clean as Uhtic, a perfectly possible name, though we do not remember to have seen it, and one clearly cognate with the more famous Northumbrian Uhtred. Now a family which still used the name Uhtic

\* *Miscellanea Genealogica et Heraldica*. Edited by Joseph Jackson Howard, LL.D., F.S.A. Vol. I. London: Hamilton, Adams, & Co. 1868.

so late as the fifteenth century—Lord Derby's "very early" time of our history—was not unlikely to use the name Dodda later than other people. We have not caught our *Ur-Dod*, but we think we have got a scent of him. He is more likely to turn up in the Cheshire than in the Shropshire branch, and he may possibly have been Thomas the father of Ulric himself.

Again, in ancient charters the names of Odda and Dodda generally go together, and Oddington is found in local nomenclature as well as Doddington. How is it that the modern Doddings are so plentiful, while the modern Oddings are, to say the least, but few. We have Dodds many and Dodsons many; are there any Odds or Odsons? We find neither name in Dr. Howard's Index.

The Dodds are one of the exceptional families which can trace higher than the reign of good Queen Bess. Indeed, on looking through Dr. Howard's volume, we find the number of these instances to be greater than we should have supposed from his preface. He gives several pedigrees which go back to the fifteenth century, and, as might be expected, a good many of Dr. Howard's families crop up in the time of Henry the Eighth. Such was, it would seem, the house of Onley of Catesby in Northamptonshire. Their patriarch was John Onley, Gentleman, our Sovereign Lord the King's Attorney of his Court of Augmentations of the revenues of his Crown, and one of the Undersheriffs of the City of London. Dr. Howard prints his will, which, as ever, is much more instructive than the pedigree of his descendants. He bequeaths to his wife Elizabeth his lands at Catesby, which we take to be no other than the estates of the Priory there, the blameless nunnerly which Henry's own visitors prayed him to spare. This of course does not prove that John Onley in any way went astray from the old religion, or that he was not as careful for the welfare of his soul as King Henry himself. We are not surprised then that he leaves twenty shillings to the high altar of his parish church, "for the discharge of my conscience, if anything due to the parson or curate there have been by me negligently withheld, withdrawn, or forgotten." We are not surprised when we find him leaving money for a priest to sing and pray for his soul by the space of one year next after his decease. But the following bequest certainly has an odd sound as coming from an Attorney of the Court of Augmentations in the year 1537:—

Also I bequeth unto the four orders of freres win the said Citie of london that is to say the gray freres the black freres the Austens freres Augustynes and the white freres to eury of theym to pray for my soule xs.

A little while before we find the will of Roger Palmer, Earl of Castlemaine, dated in 1696, which does not contain any mention of his wife Barbara. In p. 229 we have the not very long pedigree of the Cruso family, beginning with Anthony "of Houne Coat in Flanders," going on with John of Norwich, but not containing the renowned Robinson of York.

Lastly, one thought constantly thrusts itself on us while looking at any of these pedigrees, long and short. Are any of them to be believed?

#### DOTTINGS IN PANAMA, NICARAGUA, AND MOSQUITO.\*

BOTH in the world of letters and in the world of science Central America bears a name of evil repute. From the days of Henry Morgan and the Buccaneers to the days of Walker and his filibusters, from the date of the Darien scheme to that of the Mexican expedition, it has been uniformly associated with scenes of lawlessness and disorder, with abortive projects and ruinous failures. It would almost seem that the physical characteristics of this volcanic district had exercised a fatal influence over the character and history of its inhabitants, and that the throes and pangs by which its soil is convulsed find their counterpart in the ceaseless factions and dissensions of its citizens. In the dreary annals of the wars and revolutions by which, ever since the time when they threw off the yoke of Spain, the Central American States have been distracted, Nicaragua has assumed an unenviable pre-eminence. Nowhere have revolutions been more incessant and meaningless, or civil wars more sanguinary and fratricidal. And in the case of this unhappy State intestine disorders have been aggravated by foreign interference. Seldom has any State passed through a more terrible ordeal than that which was undergone by Nicaragua during the period of the Walker invasion. This ruffian entered the country on the pretence of supporting the Liberal party, but speedily proved the worth of his professions by making his first official act, after he had been proclaimed President, the re-establishment of negro slavery. Meanwhile for two years all forms of commerce and industry disappeared, one town after another was sacked and delivered to the flames, the very tillage of the soil was almost wholly suspended. It is estimated that 12,000 invaders and 30,000 Nicaraguans perished during this period by war and its attendant plagues. This agony, however, proved to be the nadir of Nicaraguan fortunes, which since that date have been steadily rising. The atrocities committed by the filibusters kindled a flame of patriotic enthusiasm, and placed at the head of affairs a man of energy and statesmanship. With the exception of an unfortunate quarrel in 1863 with the neighbouring Republic of San Salvador, which afforded an excuse for a formidable but speedily quelled internal revolt, the ten years, from 1857 to 1867, during which General Martinez was President of Nicaragua were years of peace, and he seems to have handed over a tolerably settled government to his successor.

\* *Dottings on the Roadside, in Panama, Nicaragua, and Mosquito.* By Captain Pim, R.N., and Dr. Seemann. London: Chapman & Hall. 1869.

Such a chronicle of revolutions as has been the history of Nicaragua would seem excellently adapted to scare away capital from its borders. Yet no country has more continuously occupied the attention of speculators both in the Old World and in the New. A glance at the map will explain this phenomenon. The range of mountains and high land forming an almost continuous backbone to the isthmus which connects North and South America is interrupted by one conspicuous "fault" in the shape of a long depression running N.W. and S.E. The centre of this depression is occupied by the magnificent Lake of Nicaragua, eighteen feet above the level of the Pacific, from which it is separated by a strip of land not sixteen miles wide, and at its highest point said to be only nineteen feet above the level of the lake, whilst it is connected with the Atlantic by the River San Juan, which is navigable, and actually navigated by river steamers, for the whole of its 119 miles. The natural continuation of the depression in the north-west direction is, however, by the River Tipitapan and the Lake of Managua, in the direction either of the Gulf of Fonseca or of the harbour of Corinto or Realejo. If the dream of so many disappointed generations is destined to be realized, and ships are ever to pass across the isthmus from the Atlantic to the Pacific, this depression would seem pointed out by nature to be their channel. At present the conspicuous success of the Panama line has led engineers to direct their attention to railways rather than to canals. Yet it is hardly conceivable that the Panama railway should permanently maintain its monopoly of the isthmus traffic, and then, whether for land or for water communication, the Nicaraguan line, with its easy gradients, must prove a formidable rival to any counter-project of spanning or piercing the isthmus. Add to this possession of a great natural highway for nations, a climate not incompatible with white labour, a soil in most parts extremely fertile, and so diverse in character as to be capable of bearing both the oak and the cocoa-palm, the mangrove and the pine, and lastly great mineral wealth, and it will not be unsafe to predict a great future for Nicaragua. Whether it be a future of which the present race of inhabitants are destined to share the fruits is another question.

An account of some of the most recent attempts to develop the natural resources of this country is to be found in the volume of "Dottings" now before us. In the spring of 1866, Dr. Seemann, accompanied by a Cornish mining captain of experience, Mr. John Holman, set out from Leon, one of the various towns which have expiated by repeated sackings the doubtful honour of being called the capital of Nicaragua. Their object was to explore the little known districts of New Segovia and Matagalpa, towards the northern boundary of the Republic, which were said to abound in rich silver mines. After five days' laborious ride through a district so scantily populated that it was scarcely possible to obtain the necessities of life, they reached Ocotal, the chief town, if town it can be called, of New Segovia, and at once proceeded to survey the mineral features of the district. Their expectations were disappointed, no mines being found which would repay the working. Under these circumstances they resolved to turn their steps to Chontales, a region among the mountains on the Atlantic side of Lake Nicaragua, which had been previously brought to the notice of European capitalists by Captain Bedford Pim. Here, at last, if Dr. Seemann's description is not exaggerated, they seem to have hit upon a veritable El Dorado. The existence of the rich veins of gold and silver in which this district abounds, buried as they were in the depths of virgin forests, was hardly suspected until a few years ago, when the position of the richest mine was revealed by chance or miracle. Propitiated by the offering of a piece of scented soap—the only article of worldly goods which the wife of a poor miner, Lucas Quiroz by name, could find to bestow on an itinerant image-bearer—and by the promise of a chaicé if St. Peter would only vouchsafe to point out a vein of gold, the gratified saint, not many days afterwards, sent to the husband's door an Indian, who, when the miner complained of his ill-luck, offered to show him a place where he would find "enough to last him a lifetime." The offer was at once accepted, and three cows were to reward the stranger if he redeemed his promise. The two plunged together into the forest, and, after travelling several leagues, arrived at the promised spot. "On the slopes of a hill rising 500 feet above a river-bed, and ensuring a natural drainage," the miner saw "a wide lode of quartz rock, rich in silver and gold, and traceable for several miles; magnificent waterfalls available for setting in motion the most powerful machinery; and in every direction timber of excellent quality for mining purposes." This was the now famous Javali mine, which, though its fame has led to the finding of three hundred more mines, and the discovery of a mineral region the wealth of which may almost be said to be inexhaustible, still remains the gem of the district. Those who wish for more minute statistics as to the Chontales gold and silver mines, which, in the richness of their yield and in the easiness of working, are described, by one who is perhaps an interested witness, as being inferior to none of the most renowned quartz reefs in Australia, must be referred to Dr. Seemann's pages. Two great difficulties have, however, to be faced by the capitalist who invests in Nicaraguan mines—the want of skilled labour, and the want of roads. The natives are devoted to mining with all the ardour of gamblers, but they have no notion of economizing labour by means of improved machinery, and their system of working is still of the rudest and most primitive kind. The difficulties of access present a still greater obstacle. The Javali river, which drains the mine of the same name, flows into the Northern Sea. The gold-bearing heights are almost within sight of the Atlantic, but they are

separated. The only by a m... on Lake and the forest tra... in the co... general Road-m... guans.

To rer... gold-fiel... The nau... public v... across N... ing book... In spite... not who... volume... since the... which c... matists... veying l... most rec... from sea... a nomin... whilst M... narrow v... Nicaragua... principa... States, ... the gold... grants, ... occupied... almost ... the heig... humid j... they app... into wi... about th... Mosquit... mexican... whilst... bigotry... Indians... commer... the for... whilst ... the Uni... duras, j... of the S... century... indefini... sistent ... treaty c... 1850 c... "occup... this ter... We m... "Mosq... and Nic... over to... Indians... and the... ambigu... Nicaragua... and the... part of... town, v... which ... Surpris... English... States, ... magnifi... up, and... of "a ... a grass... themse... fact tha... are tau... the pri... a long... late M... availab... liquors... Walter... and rep... unders... subject... possess... teligen... able, se... to deb... appare... bours ... to be



separated from it by leagues of virgin forest and impassable jungle. The only means of communication with the external world is by a mule-path which leads over the watershed to San Ubaldo on Lake Nicaragua, whence the ore is conveyed by the lake and the River San Juan to Greytown on the Atlantic coast. The forest track to San Ubaldo, Roman in nothing else, is truly Roman in the contempt which it displays for easy gradients, and, as to its general nature, can best be described as a series of mud-holes. Road-making is evidently not a science cultivated by the Nicaraguans.

To remove or lessen this difficulty of access to the Nicaraguan gold-fields is the task which Captain Pim has proposed to himself. The name of this officer has for many years been associated by the public with various projects for effecting an inter-oceanic route across Nicaragua, projects which he fully described in an interesting book, *The Gate of the Pacific*, published some six years ago. In spite of numerous discouragements and disappointments, he has not wholly given up his hopes, and his contributions to the present volume consist mainly of an account of his visits to the country since the year 1863. The most interesting part of them is that which describes the Mosquito coast, a name odious to diplomatists and to sailors on the West Indian naval station, but conveying little information to the majority of Englishmen. On the most recent maps the Republic of Nicaragua appears as extending from sea to sea. Until recently, however, it did not exercise even a nominal supremacy over any part of the Atlantic sea-board, whilst Nicaragua proper is still to be found confined within the narrow strip of land which is bounded on one side by the Lakes of Nicaragua and Managua, and on the other by the Pacific. The principal towns of Nicaragua, as of all the Central American States, are situated on or near the Western Ocean; the fame of the gold-mines is gradually drawing eastward a stream of immigrants, but the greater part of the region east of the lakes is still occupied by independent Indians, and is as little conquered and almost as unexplored as it was in the days of Columbus. From the heights of Chontales the eye ranges over a vast, flat, dense, humid jungle, drained by great but little-known rivers, which, as they approach a coast rendered treacherous by coral reefs, expand into wide lagoons. The various tribes whose huts are dotted about the river-banks and lagoons are known collectively as the Mosquito Indians, and are ancient allies of the English. Our connexion with them dates from the time of the Buccaneers, who, whilst they successfully combined a pious hatred of Spanish bigotry with a love of Spanish gold, found in the independent Indians useful allies for their marauding forays. The friendship commenced under these creditable auspices was continued under the form of an English Protectorate of the Mosquito coast, and, whilst it lasted, involved us in incessant disputes with Spain, with the United States, and with the neighbouring Republics of Honduras, Nicaragua, and Costa Rica. Relinquished at the instance of the Spaniards in 1786, it was resumed at the beginning of this century, but speedily became offensive to the United States, the indefinite claims which it covered being considered highly inconsistent with the Monroe doctrine. After a series of bickerings, a treaty concluded between Mr. Clayton and Sir Henry Bulwer in 1850 contained a provision that England should no longer "occupy" any portion of the coast of Central America; but even this term was found ambiguous and gave rise to further disputes. We may, however, now hope that we have heard the last of the "Mosquito question"; for, by treaties concluded with Honduras and Nicaragua in 1859-1860, our "Protectorate" has been handed over to the republics within whose respective limits the surviving Indians are still found. The most important point on the coast, and that which doubtless made us most loth to withdraw our ambiguous claims to supremacy, is Greytown or St. Juan de Nicaragua, a town situated at the mouth of the River San Juan, and thus forming the natural starting-point for any attempt at this part of the isthmus to join the two oceans. The unfortunate town, whose double name well expresses the doubtful allegiance which it has owed, has paid dearly for its advantageous position. Surprised by the Nicaraguans in 1836, and recaptured by the English in 1848, it was finally burnt down in 1854 by the United States, in revenge for a supposed insult to their flag. Its once magnificent harbour has been allowed by neglect to become silted up, and the town itself is described as presenting the appearance of "a number of whitewashed houses with red roofs, planted in a grass field." What precise advantage the Mosquito Indians themselves have derived from their powerful allies, except the fact that their children—when they have any, which is but seldom—are taught English by German missionaries, and that they enjoy the privilege of being ruled over by a succession of kings bearing a long string of Guelphic names, it is difficult to discover. His late Majesty, George Augustus Frederick, seems to have been an amiable young man, too much addicted to indulgence in strong liquors, but well read in the works of Shakspeare, Byron, and Walter Scott. He had also composed poetry in his own language, and repeated a few stanzas to his guests. "No one present could understand them, but the words sounded soft and musical." His subjects, some 3,000 in number, but rapidly dwindling, appear to possess the usual characteristics of the better class of Indians—intelligent, high-spirited, hospitable, and, what sounds most remarkable, scrupulously honest; but frivolous, quarrelsome, and addicted to debauchery. The present King, William Henry Clarence, is apparently rather in danger of being "put upon" by his neighbours the Nicaraguans; for we find Captain Pim, who now seems to be considered the natural protector of the Mosquito Indians,

engaged in negotiations which had for their object the due recognition of the young chief's dignity, and the due payment of the subsidy which was secured to him under the treaty with Nicaragua.

We have dwelt at sufficient length on this volume to show that it contains much interesting matter, which is described in a rambling and unconnected, but not unreadable, way. Captain Pim, who regards with naïve respect the advantages derived by his coadjutor from greater literary experience, claims the allowances on the score of style usually made to sailors when they take up the pen; and it must be admitted that his sentences too often resemble the loose skein of mess-room gossip, and are occasionally flavoured by somewhat pointless jokes. Nevertheless most readers will probably be inclined to say that his half of the book is the more entertaining of the two. Dr. Seemann's faults are of an opposite order. He has travelled and written much, and the substance of his contribution to the present volume has already appeared in the columns of a contemporary, but his style is defaced by the wordy fluency, and the tendency to drag in irrelevant episodes, which characterize an occasional Correspondent. It is all very well for the author of a *Popular History of Palm Trees* to say a word on behalf of popular science, but there is no excuse for his inflicting on us gratuitously a mild fable, which has already appeared in various journals, and which is intended to illustrate the parasitic habits of the mistletoe. Upon the subject of botany and other departments of natural history we presume he is entitled to speak with some degree of authority, though even here his speculations appear to us to be at times very crude and shallow. But on the one occasion on which he has departed furthest from his proper province he has certainly stumbled on a most egregious mare's nest. Dr. Seemann was much struck with a volume which has recently been written by Mr. George Tate of Aluwick on *The Ancient British Sculptured Rocks of Northumberland and the Eastern Borders*, and he has exhibited in juxtaposition figures extracted from this work and figures copied by himself from certain rocks in Chirigui (Central America). The Chirigui figures appear to us for the most part to bear a striking resemblance to what we remember as our infantine efforts to reproduce on paper the human face. The "British" inscriptions may "bear some resemblance to what are termed the 'Ogham characters,'" but to a casual observer would seem like nothing in particular, certainly not like the Chirigui figures. There is, however, one striking exception. In both sets of inscriptions appears a diagram which represents a number of "completely closed concentric circles"; in other words, the face of a target. Whether, in order to explain this remarkable coincidence, it is necessary to assume the existence of a "sunken island of Atlantis," by means of which the Britons of Northumberland and the Indians of Chirigui communicated with each other, we leave our readers to determine. There is one point on which they will probably agree with Dr. Seemann—namely, that "before science can concede the conclusions of these or similar speculations, we want more facts."

#### IZA'S STORY.\*

A POLITICAL pamphlet is an excellent thing in its way, and so is a romantic love story, but a combination of the two is usually anything but a pleasing production. Only a very cunning craftsman can successfully interleave the record of a broken heart with pages extracted from a blue-book. Only a very artistic sympathizer with a nation's sufferings can make their chronicle take the form of a readable three-volume novel. This is what the author of *Iza's Story* has attempted to do, and to a certain extent she has succeeded in her attempt. The story is decidedly interesting, and several of its scenes are described with considerable force and pathos. It has the merits of freshness of scene and novelty of character, the localities and the people described in it being for the most part Polish or Russian. And it deals with a very stirring time, a period rich in romantic incident, and one which to many minds is associated with the noblest and loftiest of ideas.

The Polish insurrection of 1863 was as hopeless a struggle as brave men ever engaged in. From first to last it was a thorough mistake, wrongly timed, crudely planned, wildly carried out. The prime movers in the revolt were either professional agitators whose wisdom manifested itself only in their absence from the scene of danger, or wild enthusiasts who laboured like Trappists intent on digging their own graves; and the inferior leaders were for the most part brave but irrational men, thoroughly devoted to their country and ready for any amount of self-sacrifice, but not particularly remarkable for political insight or strategic skill. But there were among them a few men of a different stamp—soldiers who knew well how insufficient was the force at their disposal, politicians who were perfectly aware of the fatal unfitness of the time chosen for the rising. They protested vigorously, they long withheld their aid, but at last, when all hopes of a peaceful compromise were over, they chivalrously ranged themselves on the side of what they knew was a failing cause, and yielded themselves up to what they felt must be a certain fate. It is from their ranks that Miss Ramsay has chosen the faultless heroes who figure in her book, and whose portraits she has painted with apparently unconscious flattery. They are

\* *Iza's Story*. By Grace Ramsay, Author of "A Woman's Trials," &c. 3 vols. London: Hurst & Blackett. 1869.

patriots of the class to which Thaddeus of Warsaw may be supposed to have belonged—men of noble birth and high culture, fit bearers of historic names, brave as lions in the field, courteous and gentle at home. In all this Miss Ramsay is not guilty of any great exaggeration, for there are few truer gentlemen in the world than the representatives of the ancient families of Poland, of that splendid chivalry which did such good service in the old conflict of the Crescent and the Cross. And their women are worthy of them, brave and noble and true, equally devoted in attachment to their country and to their religion. The portraits which Miss Ramsay has drawn of the Princes Opolski, and of their neighbours Stanislas and Sigismund Labrinski, although somewhat overcoloured, are still sufficiently faithful and recognisable, and that of the young Princess Iza Opolska is a charming study, and is invested with perfectly allowable beauty. All these aristocratic patriots belong to the exceptional class of which we have been speaking. As far as they are concerned we are ready to accept the saintly and heroic forms of Miss Ramsay's Polish Walhalla, but we absolutely refuse to believe in many of the other figures which she has introduced into it. According to her, every Pole is noble and virtuous, just as every Russian is vicious and base. Even the lowest menial in the Opolski palace is represented as perfection itself compared with the demoniacal Muscovites whose only object seems to be to convert the blooming plains of Podolia into a howling wilderness. Throughout the book the only Pole who does not seem to be of a nature akin to that of Bunyan's "Shining Ones" is Borynowski, the Governor of Warsaw. He—in whom the reader will of course recognise the Marquis Wielopolski—being a Pole by birth, was not to be painted in utterly dark colours; but inasmuch as he was in the Russian service, and his name "represented, in its extreme form, that most singular of ideas, the suicide of Poland by Pan Slavism," he is depicted as considerably stained and besmirched, and as having lost a good deal of that celestial beauty which is the undoubted characteristic of his countrymen. As to the Russians, they are absolutely terrible in the hideous depravity of their moral nature, in their lack of all those virtues which are the unquestioned heritage of even the meanest of the Poles. They extort money from defenceless women, they torture old and wounded men, they take a positive pleasure in swindling, and lies are never out of their mouths. One of them, Colonel Kiplof, seems to be depicted as a fiend, simply in order that his sombre hue may set off the unsullied radiance of the angelic Poles with whom he is brought into contact.

Prince Opolski's castle is very pleasantly described, and so is the family party which meets within its walls. A little too much stress is perhaps laid upon the happiness of the neighbouring peasantry, who are generally represented as forming groups of dark-eyed peasant girls, strolling homewards hand in hand, glancing back at times "over the red-embroidered shoulder-band of their white linen chemisettes" at the young men who follow close behind them, "dancing to the music of the long-handled *törme*." But let that pass. There have always been spots in Poland in which the peasant had not sunk into the state of degradation to which the brutal carelessness of his master had generally reduced him. And the landscapes are also very pleasant to look upon; as, for instance, the picture of a "crimson sunset over a grain ocean in Podolia," where "for miles and miles the plain spread out its surging waste of verdure, the green wave rising, falling, curling itself up into sheaves, then rippling out like the wavelets of the sea; sometimes pausing, standing quite still when the breeze sank in a passing lull, and swinging itself into motion when the gust rose up again and swept it on in a long, steady wave that broke under the sunset"; or that of the valley on which Prince Opolski's Castle looked down, where "the little river babbled over its pebble-floor, rows of birch trees bending their feathery boughs over the banks. All around were apple and cherry orchards, where the loose blossoms were dripping like pink snow-flakes from the trees. Above and below flocks of sheep and herds of cattle were revelling in the fields of grass-land, the grass so high that the sheep were lost in it altogether, as in a sea of clover, and only the horns of the cattle were visible when they lifted up their heads, lowing to the afternoon passers-by."

From these quiet scenes we pass to the confusion which prevailed in Warsaw at the time of the conscription, when Wielopolski's unfortunate attempt to prevent the insurrection set all its machinery in motion. The night on which the recruits were so unwarrantably seized was really a terrible one for every Polish family in the capital, and the gloom is quite justifiable in which the picture is plunged of Stanislas Labrinski, who has been torn away from his young bride Iza, as he paces up and down his narrow prison cell, and listens to "a dull, singing noise, like the moaning of the sea," above which float the strains of the national anthem—"No, Poland shall not perish!"—or as, at a later period, when he is the prey of fever, he feels reverberating through his brain "the tramp of cavalry, the word of command ringing above cries and shrieks, the lowering of drawbridges, and the hammering of hoofs following the driven multitude." But the description of Kiplof's behaviour to "the woman whose heart he felt swarming" (whatever that may mean) "under his ruthless heel," on the occasion of Iza's coming to seek out her lost Stanislas, is altogether unreal, and can only be accounted for on the score of political hatred. And there is something very offensively sensational in the picture of the torture-chamber, in which Iza is left for a time to inspect the shelves "laden with strange-looking instruments that might be surgical;

hooks from which were suspended others of different forms," and the "long, narrow thong, with red marks on it and round it, on the deal table where it lay coiled like a sleeping snake." And we utterly protest, in the name of art and common sense, and everything else that ought to make a novel worth reading, against being exposed to the horrors of a foot-note half a page long about the knout, or such a statement as the following, "strictly authentic," as the author styles it, about the quicksilver mines of Nertchinsk:—"The Niechasti" (by the way all convicts are called *Nieschastnie*, or the unfortunate, and not only the Poles, as Miss Ramsay has it) "die piecemeal; the mercury saturates their flesh and rots it; their eyes melt out; their bones become brittle as glass, and break away bit by bit; sometimes the trunk of a man will hang on to life days after his limbs have dropped off." Fancy if a Fenian novel is ever written by as sympathetic a chronicler as Miss Ramsay! What terrible deeds will be wrought in it by some fiendish Sassanach colonel, what hideous prison scenes will be revealed, what thrilling pictures will be drawn of manacled patriots whose noble features are rendered irreconizable by their loathsome crust of oatmeal porridge! It is possible that such a book may serve a political purpose. Like *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, it may have a distinct effect upon public opinion. But it will scarcely be able to claim much consideration as a work of art.

It would have been better in every way for Miss Ramsay's story if she had left out her attacks on Russia, especially those contained in her notes. They give the book so polemical an appearance that we almost forget that other parts of it are intended to please and to amuse. And yet there is a good deal in it that is agreeable enough. When she is not engaged in harrowing her readers' feelings or canvassing their votes for the total suppression of the Russian Empire, she writes very pleasantly. The account of Iza's expedition in search of her husband is full of interest, and there is much that is picturesque in the descriptions of the Steppes over which she passes on her way to the distant settlement in which at last she finds him. Several Polish ladies have really made this long and terrible journey with a similar end in view, so that Iza's undertaking has nothing improbable about it. The scene in which her long-lost husband is restored to her is genuinely pathetic, and so is that which represents the visit of the Polish Missionary Priest to his little flock in the wilderness. Such passages as these to some extent make amends for the political diatribes which every here and there in the book afford to its readers a just ground of complaint, especially to those among them who sympathize with the Poles in their real sufferings, and who would fain see justice done in the case of their actual wrongs.

#### BURTY'S CHEFS-D'ŒUVRE OF THE INDUSTRIAL ARTS.\*

WE presume it was known that there was a market for this sort of work, otherwise the English edition of it would scarcely now be lying on our table. Yet students who may possess Labarte's *Handbook of the Arts of the Middle Age and Renaissance* will scarcely care for this budget of "masterpieces." M. Burty adds little to our previous stock of knowledge; he probably aims at scarcely more than at giving to the general reader a compilation popular in style and portable in size. And such aim he has fairly well attained; yet we prefer the illustrations to the text, though even the illustrations are hardly first-rate. But M. Burty has made himself somewhat favourably known in France, and also in England. Describing himself as "Collaborateur de la Presse et de la Gazette des Beaux-Arts," he appeared in London as the writer of the letterpress to the handsome volume of *Études à l'Eau-forte par Francis Seymour Haden*. M. Burty was also one of "Les principaux écrivains" in the too famous "Paris Guide" of 1867; the article on "L'hôtel des ventes et le commerce des tableaux" which there bears his name is distinguished by the smartness and surface sparkle of Parisian feuilletonists. Three years ago the author delivered himself of the *Chefs-d'Œuvre*, whereof we are now favoured with an English reproduction, all but a facsimile of the original. We find, however, in the French edition, a dedication to M. Charles Blanc, which we think, for the sake of certain personal reminiscences, it was scarcely wise to suppress. M. Burty therein addresses the editor of the *Gazette des Beaux-Arts* in terms of endearment as "mon cher maître et ami." He recalls with gratitude the day when M. Blanc had made him a collaborateur of the leading art-journal in Europe; and it is evident that the confidence thus reposed, bringing him in contact with the chief collectors and collections, made the present volume possible. As the English editor does not condescend to give one word touching the antecedents of the author or his work, we have taken the trouble to refer to the back numbers of the *Gazette des Beaux-Arts*. The articles there contributed by M. Burty over a period of some years are to be reckoned, not by tens, but rather by hundreds. He has been accustomed to make himself generally useful; he takes exhibitions, picture sales, obituaries, and his criticisms and chronicles are often, we observe, packed into small type. A writer thus perpetually at work must necessarily accumulate much material. The volume before us is precisely what, under the circumstances, might have been anticipated: though not profound, it is pleasant.

\* *Chefs-d'Œuvre of the Industrial Arts.* By Philippe Burty. Pottery and Porcelain, Glass, Enamel, Metal, Goldsmiths' Work, Jewellery and Tapestry. Illustrated. Edited by W. Chaffers, F.S.A. London: Chapman & Hall. 1869.



M. Burty condescends occasionally to speak kindly of the English, yet his ideas and his diction are so far from being accurate and clear that unfortunately it is not always easy to understand whether he seeks to encourage us by praise or to correct us by censure. Yet we incline to think there may be some basis of truth in the following slipshod paragraph. We have indeed been sorry to hear in other quarters that foreign art-workmen deteriorate when they come to England; they are no longer, it is said, in an atmosphere of art, they lack the stimulus of their compeers:—

The works and factories of Minton in England at present enjoy the greatest European celebrity. But the very perfection of the articles produced by them is destructive to the gratification they afford. . . . We prefer porcelain. The English, who feel so acutely the exact turning-point at which their qualities become defects, have called over to England at different times artists of distinction; for instance, M. Carrier-Belleuse, who has modelled decorative vases and statuettes in Paris, together with beer-jugs of different kinds; or M. Lessore, who has hit upon the chief secret of painting on earthenware, that of dispersing the colours in different thicknesses, instead of laying it equally all over the surface. Unfortunately, as soon as French artists have spent some few years across the water they become entirely and purely English; or, again, having returned to France, the pupils they have educated forget their original teaching.

A Frenchman's opinion on English matters can have little weight when even his facts are found to be erroneous. Take, as an example of M. Burty's mode of compilation, the account given of Raffaele's Cartoons, of which in England we may be presumed to know something. The French critic begins with a kind of censure upon Raffaele for having designed these cartoons:—"Nothing short of the genius of Raffaele, and the respect which attaches to his works, can reconcile us to accepting without protest the revolution he effected in tapestry. Were not the arabesques he composed with so sweet a revival of antique taste about them sufficient? and what was the necessity for transferring tapestry into a sort of shallow fresco? M. Burty, having given vent to his feelings on "so sweet a revival," proceeds to facts. The original tapestries, he tells us, "reached Rome in 1519, only a few months before the death of the great master who had composed them." Now, on turning to *Notes on the Cartoons of Raphael* "by Charles Ruland, formerly Librarian to the Prince Consort," we find the following authentic statement:—"The tapestries arrived at Rome, at any rate before the 21st of April, 1518, for on that day, as we are informed by a manuscript account-book of Leo X.'s household, 29 ducats (some 12*l.*) were paid for their transport from Flanders to Lyons, and thence to Rome. The note is highly interesting, inasmuch as it speaks expressly of eleven tapestries," &c. It is the misfortune of compilers to confound dates; the discrepancy, however, is not hard to account for, the fact being that, though the tapestries had reached Rome in 1518, they were not publicly seen in the Sistine Chapel till St. Stephen's day, 1519, when "universal judgment pronounced them to be finer than anything else on the globe." M. Burty favours us next with what he supposes to be valuable facts not generally known. "Tapestries from these cartoons were exhibited in the year viii.—this fact is but little generally known—at Paris, in the Court of the Palais National des Sciences et Arts." M. Burty strangely adds, "We do not know whether they still form part of the Crown furniture and effects, or whether, notwithstanding their having been purchased, they were returned to the Allies at the fall of the First Empire." We beg the reader to compare this statement with the following exact data; these tapestries, writes Mr. Ruland, remained in the Vatican "until the time of the French Revolution, when they appear to have been stolen, as the story goes, for the sake of the gold threads interwoven in their tissue. Fortunately, the experiment of extracting the precious metal by burning one of them does not seem to have answered. In 1808 we find them at Genoa, where Pope Pius VII. had them bought for 1,300 scudi (about 265*l.*), and brought back to the Vatican. There they have remained ever since, exhibited in a gallery of the Vatican." We had supposed that most travellers to Rome knew this; we can only infer that M. Burty has no intimate acquaintance with Italy. It may be scarcely worth while to point out minor blunders in the French critic's studiously disparaging narrative. The writer confounds the cartoons with the tapestries; he says that Charles I. caused the cartoons to be placed in Whitehall, whereas they remained in narrow slips till the time of King William III. The fact is that it was not the cartoons, but the duplicate tapestries now in Berlin, which formerly decorated the Banqueting Chamber, Whitehall. It were indeed a task as tedious as endless to point out the inaccuracies into which this untiring compiler falls; thus, with his usual looseness, he writes, "After other misadventures, too lengthy here to recount, they were put up in one of the rooms in Hampton Court palace," whereas every one knows that a gallery was specially erected for their reception by Sir Christopher Wren. It is natural that we should look with jealous eye upon criticism depreciatory of Raffaele's Cartoons. England has two unrivalled possessions of which foreign nations may well be envious—these cartoons, now at Kensington, and the Elgin Marbles, in the British Museum. The errors we have pointed out might pass in Paris, but it is a little hazardous to presume equal ignorance in readers of an English edition.

We turn to a Frenchman for the latest and most trustworthy data respecting that mysterious art manufacture "*Faïence de Henri Deux*," or "*Faïence d'Oron*." We are told that the mystery was cleared up in a pamphlet published by Mr. Benjamin Fillon in 1862, apparently too late for notice in the catalogue of the Loan Collection at Kensington in that year. The recent *Guide to the South*

*Kensington Museum*, however, gives credence to this pamphlet, on which M. Burty grounds his solution of the historic perplexity. It would seem that the somewhat complex, not to say rocco, ceramic products about which there has arisen so much controversy, owe their existence, not to one, but to three persons. Helen Gouffier—the widow of Artus Gouffier, the tutor of Francis I., a man of property, taste, and erudition—played the part of patroness; then Bernart, her librarian, is supposed to have furnished ideas as to ornament, and possibly may have lent book-binders' tools, the marks of which have been identified on the surface of the ware; lastly, Charpentier, potter to Helen Gouffier, may of course be credited with the technical part of the manufacture. The date of these works, which number only fifty-five, is the middle of the sixteenth century; the place of manufacture Oron, near Thouars, in the province of Deux-Sèvres. Assuming these facts to be established, we may consider that this anomalous fabric has received at last historic elucidation. We think M. Burty is not far wrong in his disparagement of this hybrid pottery, the mania for which among collectors may be accounted among the amusing follies of the day; he has, however, been rightly called to account by the editor of the English edition for his hasty assertion that this French *faïence* admits of easy imitation. "No collector," says Mr. Chaffers, "would be deceived by such copies." We have entered into these details because of the interest which this Henri Deux ware has excited in our country. Of fifty-five known examples in the world, twenty-five were possessed by England at the time of the Loan Exhibition; the number we think has probably since increased; at all events a Biberon is now in the possession of Mr. J. Malcolm, which was gained in 1865, at the astounding price 1,100*l.*, from the Pourtales Collection. The fifty-five *capricci* existing of this *faïence* would at anything like this price make a round handsome sum. It would seem, however, improbable that these high figures can be maintained. Yet Mr. J. C. Robinson, writing in 1862, estimated that a "Ewer or Aiguiero" in the Magniac Collection would in all probability realize at least 2,000*l.* This same work was bought twenty years before for the comparatively modest sum of 80*l.*, which in our opinion would better represent its intrinsic art value than 2,000*l.* But there is no accounting for taste, nor for prices in an auction-room. This Henri Deux earthenware has by this time become familiar to the English eye. Five pieces—a salt-cellar, a candlestick, a plateau, and two tazza—have been, and we believe still are, in the Kensington Museum.

We listen to M. Burty most willingly when he speaks of what he knows best—the condition of the "industrial arts" in his own country. Thus the chapter on "Window Glass" is instructive as a record of the resuscitation in France, synchronous with the revival in England, of the art of painting glass for windows. M. Burty seems to speak with some experience on this subject, and we notice that one of the illustrations—"Window Glass of the Fourteenth Century"—is taken from the author's collection. The French have given to the revival of glass painting the benefit of that science and system which they apply to art in general. Chevreul has, of course, in his time meddled with the subject, while M. Charles Blanc, equally omniscient, has in the *Gazette des Deux-Arts* written wordily rather than well on colours "primary," "binary," "supplementary," including of course "the law of simultaneous contrasts." The literature which has grown up in France on this subject is extensive. Thus the archaeology of glass painting has received elucidation from M. Bontemps, M. Mérimée, M. Didron, M. de Lasteyrie, and M. Viollet-le-Duc. It will thus be understood that the French manufacturers have had the advantage of critical knowledge, and such restorations as those in La Sainte Chapelle may be taken in proof of the existence of a well-trained school. In France, as in England, the styles adopted are various; in fact in neither country does it appear quite settled what painted windows should aim at being. France seems to secure, as would be likely, the service of a higher order of draughtsmen than can be obtained in England, though we by no means disparage the designs of Mr. Rossetti and Mr. Burne Jones. In France it is well known that renowned Academicians have lent their talents to this art-manufacture. More than a quarter of a century ago King Louis Philippe entrusted the great colourist Delacroix with the windows of the Church of Eu, said to be "the finest and best specimens of stained glass that our day has produced." In the Gallery of the Luxembourg too may be remembered cartoons by Ingres "d'après lesquels ont été exécutés les vitraux qui décorent les chapelles de Dreux et de Saint-Ferdinand à Sablonville, dédiées à Notre-Dame-de-la-Compassion." There is reason, however, to fear that the efforts made by our neighbours have not obtained adequate recognition or reward. Thus M. Viollet-le-Duc, who as "Architecte du Gouvernement, Inspecteur-Général des Édifices diocésains," has been entrusted with the restoration of national monuments, makes in his *Dictionnaire raisonné de l'Architecture* lamentations as over a losing cause. The following closing paragraph to an exhaustive essay in this Dictionary on "Vitrail" indicates that the revived art has less prospect of success in France than in England:—

Il faudrait, certes, une longue expérience et des études sérieuses pour retrouver les traces négligées de cette industrie du peintre-verrier. Quelques hommes dévoués ont fait des efforts et des sacrifices considérables, de nos jours, pour retrouver ces traces. Ils ont même ainsi ouvert, pour notre pays, une source de production assez riche; mais, mal secondés par les fabricants de verre, qui ne se préoccupent pas des conditions nécessaires à la coloration translucide; obligés de lutter contre une concurrence de produits à bon marché qui déprécient ce bel art aux yeux des gens de goût; repoussés systématiquement des grands travaux publics par de puissantes coteries, c'est à grand'peine s'ils peuvent maintenir leurs ateliers ouverts.

In England much has been done towards creating a reading public for works on art and archaeology. Such volumes as Mr. Pugin's *Ecclesiastical Ornament*, Mr. Marryat's *Porcelain and Pottery*, Mr. J. C. Robinson's *Italian Sculpture of the Middle Ages*, Sir Digby Wyatt's *Metal Work*, not forgetting the volume of Art Treasures, Manchester, and the Catalogue of the Loan Collection, prove that the labourers among us are numerous and active. Still we can ill afford to disregard the researches of our neighbours, and without doubt London publishers will continue to make reprisals from the rich stores locked up in the literature of the Continent. The English edition of M. Bury's *Chefs-d'Œuvre* cannot be wholly unwelcome, though its contents must be accepted with caution.

## AMERICAN LITERATURE.

THE most important work upon our list this month is the third volume of a History of Civilization, by Dr. Amos Dean.\* The plan of the work is somewhat different from that of Mr. Buckle, and, if less philosophical, and of far less intellectual value, is somewhat better suited to the indolence of the general reader. Dr. Dean's scheme includes a complete summary of the political and social history of each of the principal races in which the civilization of the world has at different times centred, and which have left their traces upon the development of human thought, law, government, and social order, and affected the direction and course of their progress. The present volume is devoted to Rome, and contains in successive chapters an account of Roman industry, religion, government, society, philosophy, and art; the latter term including a great variety of subjects, and among others the entire military system of the republic and empire. There is also a brief introductory sketch of the history and development of the Roman Empire. The author's chief care is naturally devoted to the social and intellectual character of Roman civilization, and to the Roman system of law, as to that department of civilization in which the influence of Rome has been most strongly and permanently impressed upon the subsequent history of mankind. The scope of the work, as a whole, is perhaps somewhat too great for the author's powers, and it is not so consistently kept in view and so distinctly traced through the several portions of the history as would be necessary in order to enable the student to acquire any definite and general conception of the manner in which modern civilization has been worked out through the agency of the different nations whose histories form the successive divisions of the book. It will probably be more useful as a convenient manual of universal history than for the more ambitious purpose of the writer: especially as it deals chiefly with those aspects of national life which the ordinary historian is wont to throw into the background, and of which the youthful student takes comparatively little heed. Thus it constitutes a useful supplement to works which are occupied rather with the outer and more transient side of history, with wars and politics, the achievements of individuals and the struggles of factions, than with those which really make up the existence of a people, and by which its effect on the general progress of the race is determined—the slow development of its institutions, its social order, its internal organization, its industrial system, its commerce and manufactures, and the gradual growth of its laws from their first rudimentary principles into that final completeness in which they contribute, palpably or insensibly, their share to the existing order of human society. There are, however, two noticeable defects which seriously detract from the value of Dr. Dean's work. One—the most trifling, though likely often to mislead the reader who relies too exclusively on a single author—is the frequency of misprints of a gross character, especially in the Latin names, such as *Tarquinius Priscus*, and *Tulla* for *Sylla*. The other and graver defect is that the author has evidently acquired much of his knowledge at second-hand, and that often from inferior authorities; that he quotes, not from the original sources, but from the ordinary modern works to be found in every school or college library, and sometimes adopts without reserve or qualification views of Roman history and antiquity by no means in accordance with those of the latest and best authorities.

Another interesting work of an historical and descriptive character is that of Mr. Perry, late U.S. Consul at Tunis, on "Carthage and Tunis."† The author has availed himself of the opportunities afforded by a long residence in the country to explore it thoroughly, and to make himself familiar with the remains of its ancient cities, and particularly of that great commercial and colonizing community whose place among the communities of the Old World was so peculiar and exceptional, and whose character, as the only mercantile State of antiquity that succeeded in founding a great empire and holding the rank of a first-class Power, renders its story so interesting to thoughtful students of whatever nation, and especially to Englishmen. The resemblance of the Carthaginian system to our own; the perseverance with which the Punic Government devoted its energies to trade and colonization, especially among uncivilized nations; the character of its armies, so strikingly resembling those by which our Indian Empire has been acquired; the proof which they alone among the forces of antiquity afford of the possibility of rendering mercenary troops composed of alien races

for a long time loyal and trustworthy servants of the Power which employed them, and of forming barbarian recruits, drilled and disciplined by officers of a superior race, into soldiers equal to those of any civilized State; the story of the mutiny, so singularly recalling the occurrences of 1857, which for a time brought the Empire and the Imperial city herself to the verge of ruin—these are among the most important and instructive lessons contained in the military and political records of the ancients, and present perhaps a closer analogy with some points of our own position than is often to be found in two remote periods of history. Unfortunately, we know less of the history of Carthage than of almost any other great empire of antiquity, and Mr. Perry has not been able to make any important addition to our knowledge. The large space which is filled in the earlier portion of his work by the three Punic wars, and by the single figure of Hannibal, reminds us that we owe nearly all our glimpses of that history to the collision of Carthage with Syracuse and with Rome; that all we have left of her records is a fragment here and there preserved in the literature of those who destroyed the rest, and that we see her only through the picture drawn by her enemies. Whatever of novelty or especial value Mr. Perry's narrative possesses is due to his acquaintance with the scenes of the events he relates at second-hand—an advantage of which he might have made more than he has done. He continues his history through the period of the Roman Empire and the middle ages; the Carthage of Hannibal being succeeded by the Carthage of Cyprian and Augustine, and the interests of war and trade by those of Christian martyrdom and theological speculation; and to the African province succeeds in its turn the Mohammedan State of Tunis, with the crusade of St. Louis, the expedition of Charles V., and the long feud of the African corsairs with the Christian States on the northern shores of the Mediterranean. In this chronological continuity we recognise the more forcibly the total discontinuity of history; the Christian Carthage having no relation but that of name with the city of Hannibal, and not even that connexion with the city of the Hafsides and the Beys. The latter part of the volume is occupied by a description of the present condition of the country, the various races composing its population, their different physical and moral characteristics, habits, and manners, and the social and political institutions of the province. The author, like most American writers, with a few honourable exceptions among the very best and most cultivated class, is more bigoted in his belief in the infinite and universal superiority of European character and customs, and more prejudiced in his view of Oriental ideas and habits, social and religious, than ordinary English travellers; and his tone in speaking of Mohammedan institutions and opinions more resembles that of missionary works—whose authors necessarily regard the religion of the natives, and all the usages that have their root in that religion or are related to it, from a hostile point of view—than that of secular observers, whose bias in favour of their own country is moderated by the interest which novelty generally excites, and by a wish to obtain the credit of candour and impartiality.

The opening of the Pacific Railroad will, we suppose, in due time put an end to the prevalence of that curious nomenclature, arising from the rapidity of the material development of America outstripping the progress of terminology, which gives the name of "the West" to States lying far eastward of the central line of the continent, and according to which even the "Far West" terminates at the Rocky Mountains. To the Pacific States, which have hitherto held to the elder settlements on the Atlantic the geographical as well as the historical relation of colonies, being reached not by a direct westward route, but by an "overland" journey resembling that between England and India, the interesting little volume before us gives the title of the "New West." The book before us\* is one of the liveliest and most readable accounts of Californian scenery and life which it has yet been our fortune to encounter. It contains almost all the information which ordinary European readers would desire with regard to the present state of that country, without being overladen either with the dry uninteresting history of the Mexican and Spanish government of California, or with statistical tables and scientific records from the numerous observatories established by the Federal Government in advance of actual colonization along the Western route. It gives a very graphic description of some of the most striking scenes of California—as, for instance, of the Calaveras groves, the principal seat of those giant trees of which most good English gardens now contain a dwarf specimen, but which in their native soil are said to have stood for from 1,800 to 3,000 years, and through the hollow fallen trunks of which a party of horsemen can ride. One of these trees is described by the author in a way which conveys a forcible idea of its monstrous dimensions. Mounting upon it where it has the girth of one of the largest of English forest trees, you walk for 200 feet towards the roots; on reaching which you find yourself at the height of an ordinary roof, and have to descend by a ladder. On the sawn stump of another a *ballroom* is built. The description of the vast Yosemite cañon—several miles in length and bounded on either side by walls of 4,000 feet in height, descending in a perpendicular precipice from the level of the surrounding tableland to the banks of the stream—is equally remarkable. To statistical or economic students and intending emigrants the author's account of the industrial condition of the

\* *The History of Civilization*. By Amos Dean, LL.D. 7 vols. Vol. III. Albany, N.Y.: Joel Munsell. London: Trübner & Co. 1869.

† *Carthage and Tunis, Past and Present*. 2 Parts. By Amos Perry, late United States Consul for the City and Regency of Tunis. Providence, R.I.: Providence Press Company. London: Trübner & Co. 1869.

\* *The New West; or, California in 1867-1868*. By Charles Loring Brace, Author of "The Races of the Old World," "Home Life in Germany," "Hungary in 1851," &c. &c. New York: Putnam & Son. London: Trübner & Co. 1869.

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\* Our & Brother. † *Law and Science*. National the Adv or Science. New York: Society of York: C. M. 1869.

† *The Psychology*. "Quarterly" Moorhead.

\* *A New Treatise on the Preparation of Medicines*. Compa-



country will be the most interesting portion of the volume. Of the agriculture and viticulture of California, and the more recently developed silkworm industry, he gives full particulars. The State has also excellent woollen manufactures, in which Chinese are chiefly employed, as well as in many other kinds of labour which will not repay the costly services of white workpeople. The wages of servants and artisans range from 25 to 60 dollars a month (60s. to 140s. a year), with food; female teachers are in great demand at from 600 to 1,200 dollars a year, men earning double those amounts. Board costs 6l. (30 dollars) a month. All these sums are paid in gold, California having quietly and peremptorily "nullified" the edicts of Congress which made greenbacks a legal tender. Altogether, now that the gold fever has abated, and digging is no longer her chief dependence, California promises to prove more truly than ever the "El Dorado" which the earliest settlers pronounced her to be, and no part either of our colonial empire or of the United States offers a more tempting field to the adventurous and energetic immigrant.

Recent events have excited an interest, not altogether or universally friendly, in the proceedings of the missionaries of various Protestant denominations in China, which may render *Our Life in China*\* not unwelcome to many, besides the warm partisans of the accused, who may wish to hear the case of the missionaries stated by themselves. This little book does not seem to have been written with any controversial purpose, and while it is chiefly occupied with those topics which must naturally be most familiar and most important to the wife of a missionary, it contains much of anecdote and description concerning the aspects of native life that fell under the quick feminine observation of the writer, as well as the incidents of a visit to Japan which was not without both its pleasures and its perils. The latter—of which there are more than is some times remembered by the critics—are not, apparently, always regarded by the missionaries with that eager zeal for martyrdom which characterized the early Christians, and still less with that apostolic forbearance which is so marked a characteristic of the Jesuit missions of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. If the maxim *Sanguis martyrum semen ecclesie* ought not to be overstrained against modern missions, still it must be remembered that the cannon of English and French gunboats, though it may enforce a hearing for the preacher, cannot exactly tend to bias the inhabitants of the suffering villages in favour of his doctrine.

The Statistical Memoirs† of the famous U.S. Sanitary Commission form a large and solid volume, containing, in a series of elaborate tables, a greater quantity of information not only concerning the health of camps and the relations of military life to sanitary questions, but also concerning the stature, form, constitution, vigour, and physical development of the men, distributed according to the national and local subdivisions under which the million and a-half of soldiers constituting the volunteer Army of the North are classified, than is to be found, we believe, in any similar publication in any country whatsoever.

A much less pretentious and elaborate but not uninteresting work is the brief treatise on the *Law of Human Increase*‡ in which Dr. Allen develops and enforces the theories advanced by Mr. Doubleday and Mr. Herbert Spencer, in opposition to those of Malthus, and argues that not only excess of comfort and abundance of food, but the over-refinement of body and mind which he ascribes to the present generation of American women, is unfavourable to the increase of population. He argues vigorously, from the point of view of a physician, that the education and life of brain-work which the advocates of "woman's rights" would inflict upon the sex is contrary to the physical well-being and natural functions of women.

A work on the Financial History of the War§, filled up in great part with something more than an abstract of the Congressional debates on the measures of Mr. Chase as Secretary of the Treasury, will have few attractions at the present moment for any but the most persevering students of abnormal economic phenomena. It will, however, constitute no unimportant portion of those materials for history which American writers are so diligently furnishing; and it throws much light both on the nature of the constitutional issue involved in the emission of legal tender notes—which has been much misunderstood by some of Mr. Chase's English censors—and on the gradual steps by which the present

enormous, and at first wholly unexpected, fabric of paper money was built up, contrary to the express pledges of its authors and the intentions of Congress.

Mr. Dallas's *Letters from London*\* will not tend to raise the somewhat high opinion which has been expressed in various quarters regarding the character of the successor of Mr. Buchanan and predecessor of Mr. Adams. The publication of such confidential papers during the lifetime of the writer would have seemed impossible to most professional diplomatists; and some of the author's comments upon the conduct of English statesmen leave an unfavourable impression of his knowledge and intelligence as of his temper and good taste. Had such a man filled the post of Mr. Adams during the war, the preservation of peace between the two Governments would have been somewhat more than difficult—unless, indeed, Mr. Dallas's relations with the Foreign Office were governed by ideas totally different from those which he expressed in this correspondence.

A small work on what the writer calls "Physical Media in Spiritual Manifestations"† is an endeavour to account on physical grounds, through the action of mental "electricity" on human brains and on inanimate matter, for the phenomena of mesmerism, clairvoyance, and so-called spirit-rapping. The theory is highly ingenious, and is quite in accordance with the observed facts of ordinary mesmerism. Unfortunately, as regards the other two classes of phenomena, it is at variance with facts quite as credible and well authenticated as any of those admitted by the writer, whose experience appears to have been of the narrowest. For instance, he assumes that no clairvoyant ever tells what is known to no person present—a theory we have heard broached more than once before, but which, if we admit the truth of the assumed facts, is contrary to many of the best authenticated, though not most frequent, of the observed phenomena. Again, he appears to think that the party round a medium's table sit in silent and excited expectation, and that no table ever moves unless it has the medium's hands upon it—both of which assumptions are directly contrary to our own observation. Whatever the disadvantages of the popular theory of simple imposture, it has this superiority over all explanations hitherto given—that it does not begin by admitting the *bond fide* existence of phenomena some of which instantly upset the explanation.

Another book‡ on the same subject, but of a very different character, professes to describe the scenes encountered by a departed spirit in the other world. In carrying out this plan, the author is of course enabled to descant on whatever subjects he pleases with great apparent advantage, by the simple process of putting his ideas of woman's mission, the character of the ancient Greeks, and any other topic celestial or mundane, into the mouths of spirits, beatified or otherwise. On the first-named theme Mr. Horace Bushnell publishes a volume the line of argument of which is sufficiently indicated by its title, *Women's Suffrage, the Reform against Nature*§.

We have this month, as usual, several works of fiction on our list. The *Quaker Partisans*|| is a story of the War of Independence, of that adventurous style which never fails to win popularity with schoolboys, and which is at all events preferable to that "sensational" fashion which finds favour with those who carry their schoolboy tastes into later life. *Glennair*¶ is apparently a first attempt, not very promising, by a lady of Scottish descent, to deal with the life, language, and society of her ancestors. *Malbone*\*\* by its second title, proclaims itself an American "romance" of the local type, rendered popular by the successes of Mrs. Stowe in one style and of Hawthorne in another.

*Western Windows*†† is the first part of a volume of short poems, nearly all of them palpable, though not ungraceful, imitations of Tennyson, Longfellow, and some other modern poets of the first rank.

\* *A Series of Letters from London written during the Years 1856, '57, '58, '59, and '60.* By George Millin Dallas, then Minister of the United States at the British Court. Edited by his daughter Julia. Two vols. in one. Philadelphia: Lippincott & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1869.

† *Physical Media in Spiritual Manifestations. The Phenomena of Responding Tables and the Planchette, and their Physical Cause in the Nervous Organism, illustrated from Ancient and Modern Testimonies.* By G. W. Samson, D.D., President of Columbia College, Washington, D.C. Philadelphia: Lippincott & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1869.

‡ *The Gates Wide Open; or, Scenes in Another World.* By George Wood, Author of "Peter Schlemihl in America," "Modern Pilgrims," &c. Boston: Lee & Shepard. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Marston. 1869.

§ *Women's Suffrage; the Reform against Nature.* By Horace Bushnell. New York: Scribner & Co. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Marston. 1869.

|| *The Quaker Partisans. A Story of the Revolution.* By the Author of the "Scout." With Illustrations. Philadelphia: Lippincott & Co. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Marston. 1869.

¶ *Glennair; or, Life in Scotland.* By Helen Hazlett, Author of "Heights of Eidelberg," &c. Philadelphia: Claxton, Rusan, & Hafflinger. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Marston. 1869.

\*\* *Malbone. An Oldport Romance.* By Thomas Wentworth Higginson. Boston: Fields, Osgood, & Co., successors to Ticknor & Fields. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Marston. 1869.

†† *Western Windows, and other Poems.* By John James Platt. New York: Hurd & Houghton. Cambridge: Riverside Press. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Marston. 1869.

\* *Our Life in China.* By Helen S. C. Nevins. New York: Carter & Brothers. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Marston. 1869.

† *Investigations in the Military and Anthropological Statistics of American Soldiers.* By Benjamin Appothorp Gould, Ph. Dr.; Member of the National Academy of Sciences; President of the American Association for the Advancement of Science; Member or Correspondent of the Academies or Scientific Societies of Boston, Chelbourg, Göttingen, Marburg, Nashville, New Orleans, Philadelphia, &c.; Associate of the Royal Astronomical Society of London, &c.; Actuary to the U.S. Sanitary Commission. New York: Published for the U.S. Sanitary Commission, by Hurd & Houghton, Cambridge: Riverside Press. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Marston. 1869.

‡ *The Law of Human Increase; or, Population based on Physiology and Psychology.* By Nathan Allen, A.M., M.D., Lowell, Mass. (From the "Quarterly Journal of Psychological Medicine," April, 1868.) New York: Moorhead, Simpson, & Bond. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Marston.

§ *A Resource of War—The Credit of the Government made immediately available. History of the Legal Tender Paper Money issued during the Great Rebellion; being a Loan without Interest, and a National Carvee.* Prepared by Hon. E. G. Spaulding, Chairman of the Sub-Committee of Ways and Means at the time the Act was passed. Buffalo: Express Printing Company. London: Trübner & Co. 1869.

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